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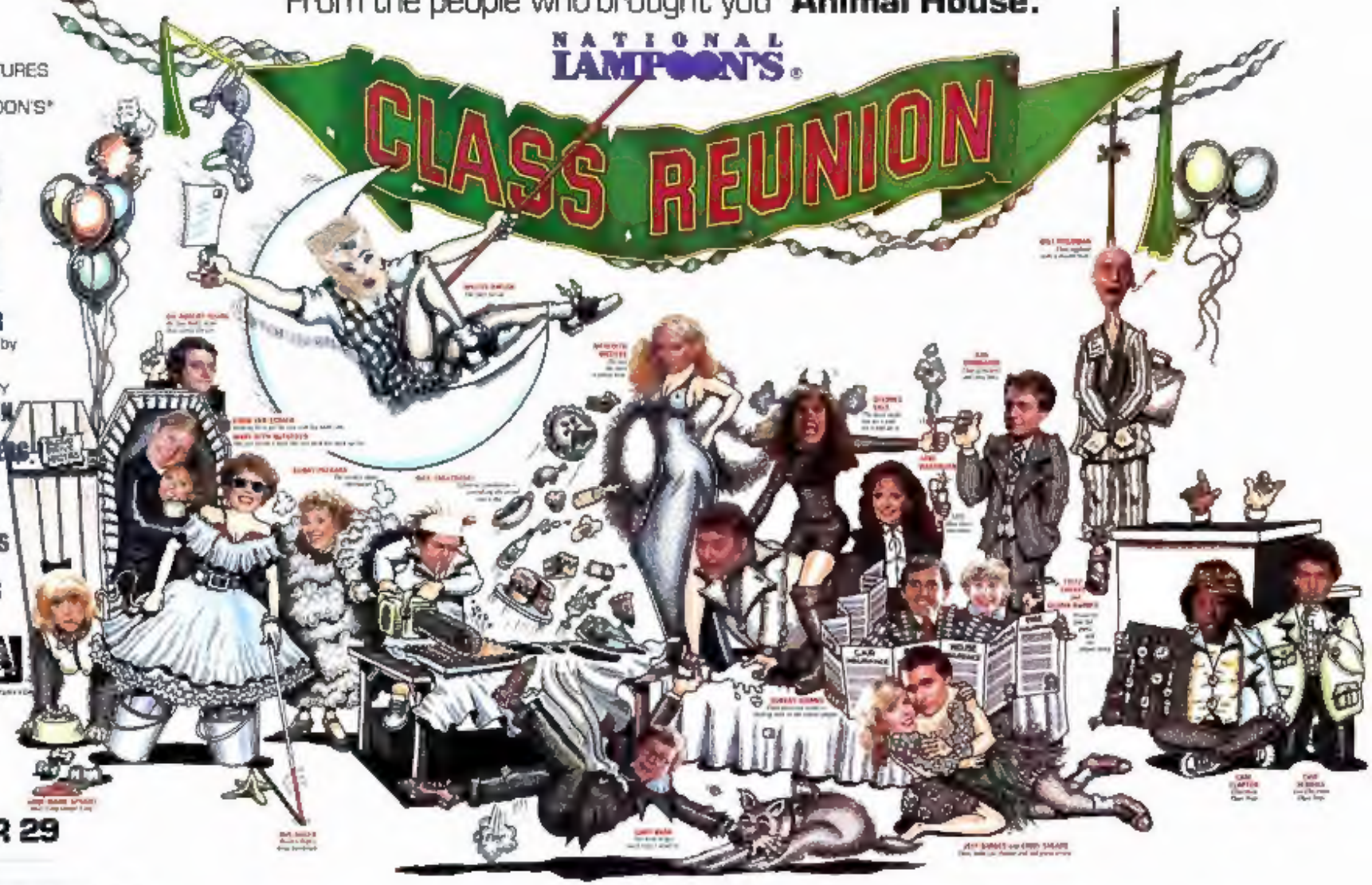

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HEAVY METAL
OCTOBER 1982
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DOSSIER

LOU VINYL

DOWNERS

Much media noise has emanated recently from a California congressional clown wolf-crying the presence of Satanic subliminal messages in rock 'n' roll. The revelations include whispered sweet-nothings to The Man Downstairs on back-tracked Led Zeppelin records (what, no "Bonzo is dead?"), and similar horrors, all exhorting the sheeplike youth of America to detour down the Inferno-bound exit ramp.

But hell (wrong word?), this sort of neo-red-baiting ain't exactly new on the pop-culture battlefront, especially from the knee-jerk paranoids on the Christian no-fun-damentalist right flank. And while such whining does have its nuisance value (a further reminder of America's dangerous swing rightward—as if we needed another), it's also welcome evidence that rock still has the power to offend someone, somewhere—between institutionalized arena rock and sanitized dance music, things have gotten pretty inoffensive.

The irony, though, is that these guys needn't have gone so far as to play stuff backwards—I would've pointed 'em towards plenty where the subversive content is as plain as the guilt-twists in their libidos. **Killing Joke**, whose third LP, *Revelations* (Editions EG, dist. by Jem), bunks this jolly English quartet right through their Jerry Cornelius stage of dance-banding the apocalypse (hollow and unconvincing, I thought) into a far more credible (and less danceable) ritualized invocation of the Crowleyesque dark lords, let loose after God has turned his/her/its back. A frightening piece of vinyl (why are they laughing?), but paradoxically disjointed and unsuccessful. (They've since dissolved and reformed with a new bassist and overtly occult orientation.)

Less ambivalent, and chilling to the point of psychosis, is Sydney, Australia's **SPK** (stands for Surgical Penis Klink, if you must know)—possibly the sickest band in existence (makes Throbbing Gristle look like Debby Boone). Their first American release (fourth overall) is *Leichenschrei* (Thermidor), which, a press release helpfully informs me, translates as "corpse shrieks." Charming bunch. If the album's positively demonic blend of Luciferian hammering, over-excited noise generators and Stygian doom-muttering is too much for you, just be thankful you missed SPK's brief American tour this past spring. These *seriously* twisted Aussies filled NYC's normally well-behaved Danceteria with viciously colliding metal, hoarse screeching, and a subterranean bass rumble—all accompanied by a slide show so hellishly deranged it would've sent Adolf Eichmann running for the vomitorium. Whew.

For the more faint of heart, there's **Bauhaus**, a sort of gothic-psychedelic heavy metal band teetering on the brink of obnoxiousness. Their two import LPs, *In the Flat Field* (4 A.D.) and *Mask* (Beggars Banquet), have some clever moments of dark-atmosphere management, but live, their overindulgent, narcissistic image-mongering strangles everything (prime offender: singer Peter Murphy, trapped in an identity crisis between Dr. Bowie and Mr. Hyde). Seeing them recently at the Ritz—smoke machines spewing—I found it easy to accept them as an opening act for Black Sabbath within a year (evidently A&M Records agrees with me—they've just picked up Bauhaus for American release).

Since **Chrome** don't perform live, they avoid some of the traps Bauhaus fall into, but they too seem enamored in a heavy metal thud-rumble tar pit. Their latest LP, *3rd from the Sun* (Siren, dist. by Faulty Products)—something like their sixth or seventh—only briefly equals the brilliance of their 1977 *Alien Soundtracks* (confined to "Off the Line"). The rest is just ex-Pearl Harbor rhythm section John & Hilary Stench thrashing dazedly behind a droning, treated guitar and from-beyond-the-grave vocals of a d-opocalyptic nature.

These soulbusses could take a lesson or two from **Nash the Slash**, the Canadian one-man band/seer who tempers his horror film imagery with Vincent Price-y camp humor. His latest release, the all-instrumental *Decomposing* (Cut Throat), is an EP that can be played either at 33 or 45 (my preference is the latter)—running times for both are helpfully provided. Good, evocative stuff.

Weary of all this optimism? Ready to take the **Cure**? Over the course of four increasingly depressing albums, this British trio have tracked the death-beat from every possible angle. I'm beginning to worry about them. *Pornography* (A&M) only elaborates further on their obsession, filling in with florid sonic flourishes what used to be sparse and airy. It's a choking, near-claustrophobic feeling that I have only a limited appetite for (their second, *17 Seconds*, included on the double American issue *...Happily ever after*, remains a contender for Lou's All-Time Top Ten).

Likewise, I find the latest **New Order** release—the single "Temptation"/"Hurt" (Factory, through Rough Trade)—to be something of a disappointment. Where the Cure have embroidered, New Order have refined, and by machining off the blurred edges I think they've lost something essential (producer Martin Hannett perhaps?). Their 1981 *Movement* is another member of Lou's Hall of Fame.

Import of the Month

Second only to a top-hat Residents and Yello, **They've Got Feetus on Their Breath** (nifty name, eh?) are my current favorite band. The music: imprinted on their LP *Deaf!* (Self-Immolation import) is alternately ugly, hilarious, ironically coy, intensely biting, and brazenly tuneful. I know absolutely nothing about them. I think they're great.

—Lou Stathis

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Vampire in Pain's from Outer Space

Five Haunting Scenes from Otherwise Forgettable Horror Films

Dracula's Great Love (1973) A Spanish opus featuring ex-wrestler Paul Naschy as the bloodthirsty Count. Two minutes into the movie, a grave robber escapes one of Dracula's infamous half nelsons and flees up a staircase, only to have a cleaver slammed into his profile as he reaches the top. Opening credits roll as he tumbles down the stairs. When his body hits the bottom—presto!—he reappears on the top stair and falls again, this time slightly slower. By the time Javier Aguirre's direction credit reaches the screen, this man's death loop has evolved over eight or nine progressively slower presentations, into a fascinatingly entropic death dance. Death has never been so inevitable. (aka Cemetery Girls)

The Monster (1959) One of the weirdest films ever, opening with a bluntly stylized pre-credits sequence, beginning with the silhouette of a nude woman preening behind a Japanese paper screen. Then, a hairy monster with a long dagger in its paw ambles up behind her, throws the woman offscreen, pounces on her, and a bucketful of blood is dashed across the paper screen from the left. The film's title emerges luridly, unforgettably, from the drippings. The title is suggestive of the hero's predicament, namely, he finds himself sprouting a second (monster's) body. The moment he removes his shirt to massage a niggling shoulder-ache, only to find a blinking eyeball impacted there, is equally indelible. The rest of the film? Made in Japan.

The Devil's Nightmare (1971) A Belgian-Italian export, now in re-release as *Vampire Playgirls*. The film's earliest minutes contain every horror movie cliché you'd ever need (i.e., tourists caught in storm turn to ominous castle for shelter, the phones are dead, ex-Neal butler plays the organ), but the rest of the film escalates in ambition. This is one of the few seriously theological horror films ever made in Europe. The seven trapped tourists represent the Seven Deadly Sins, and they are all led to destruction by a lovely succubus, who tempts them with excessive mirages mirroring their desires. The best trap is staged for Gluttony, who in cinema's greatest eating scene outside of *Tom Jones*, is treated to a vast, erotically charged banquet. He survives the meal, but his "last glass of wine" triggers a sudsy, emerald regurgitation that chases him under the now gaunt apparition of the succubus.

Island of the Doomed (1966) Mel Welles, a *Little Shoppe of Horrors* alumnus, took a somewhat more serious stab at man-eating plants in this, yet another, Spanish effort. Cameron Mitchell stars as a mad scientist who's developed a vampire tree with blood-sucking branches. Stylistically, it's an extremely haunting piece of trash, especially its grand finale, in which Mitchell hacks his prize plant to pieces during a thunderstorm as the skies rain blood. Can be seen on TV as *The Maneater of Hydra*.

Kill, Baby! Kill (1966) A slight exception: this is included not because it's a forgettable horror film, but because it sounds like one. Director Mario Bava, trained as a painter and cinematographer, could take any bad script and translate it into a hypnotic visual experience. This is, in some ways, his best film, because its script is almost totally transient, shifty like an atmosphere. Its best scene depicts the hero pursuing a faceless stranger through the rooms of a castle; Bava ultimately isolates the chase to repeated, looping circuits of the same room, and when the hero catches the

stranger and turns him around, he finds his own face grinning dementedly back at him. Now *that's* chilling enough, but the film's best idea is its monster, a little blonde girl in a white dress with a bouncing, luminous ball. Sound familiar? Fellini was so captivated by that image he hired Bava to reproduce her as the true Satan in his *Toby Dammit* (1969) which, like this film, is horror at its most perfect and ambiguous.

—Timothy R. Lucas

TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH

Friday the 13th Part III in 3-D

Director Steve Miner's mock sf-influenced *F-13 P.III 3-D* overkills itself with fifty fabulous, three-dimensional ways to impale your victim—pitchfork, knitting needle, poker, meat cleaver, machete, plumber's wrench, butcher knife, axe, spear gun, etc. Up to bat for the second time in the *F-13* series, Miner uses the pop-out and illusionary holographic sensations of the new 3-D Mark system to entice horror fans. "Audiences," he swears to *HM*, "dictate the ambiguous endings and ninety-minute attention span running time of horror sequels. For me, the hardest part is finding new weapons for victims to fall on." That should give you an idea of the state of the cinematic arts-and-crafts form. Besides the plush, high-quality 3-D, *F-13 P.III* has a vivid horror-comics story and a stylish cartoon look. College coed Chris (Dana Kimmell) deliberately returns for a weekend party to a house on a lake where, a few years before, she was brutalized by an unrecognizable tormentor—6'3" trapeze artist Richard Brooker, your average avenging murderer. Please don't ask why or what he is avenging because action, not motivation, is the soul of 1980s horror flicksramos. In the mutilation finale, Brooker slip-slides away into the lake as escaping air bubbles hint he'll rise again for *F-13 P.IV* in 360-degree sensu-surround and odorama.

Halloween 3

A radical character and plot departure from the previous two sagas, *H-3* marks the new reign of technopop terror in horror films. Banished are long-in-the-tooth teen hotter queen Jamie Lee Curtis and the escaped knife-wielding psycho who finally burnt to a crisp in *H-2*. As part of a trick-or-treat doomsday machine, screenwriter Nigel Kneale (author of BBC-TV's famed *Quatermass* series) has Scottish toymaker Dan O'Herlihy (the improbable F.D.R. in the movie *MacArthur*) program millions of kids to buy his "replicants go berserk" pumpkin, skull, and witch masks via TV commercials. For a truly Altered States Halloween, trillions of microchips blast off inside the mind-control fright masks. While lacking the silly humor that made its predecessors bearable, *H-3* contains the demon seeds of future horror-movie orgies between humans and machines—the scariest and most terrifying predicament of all.

—Daphne Davis

Spook shelf

Books which start with dead heroes just don't sell—not enough conflict, it's best, market researchers say, to start with a believable, likable, living character, and then set loose some trouble. In the horror/terror genre there's no tradition that Clem Goodguy will ever see another sunset, much less ride off into one. That does much to heighten suspense.

In ***Mosques: A Novel of Terror*** (Arbor House), **Bill Pronzini** tackles this idea beautifully. Despite protagonist Steven Giraud's disclaimer that he's a "square," we identify: he's down on his relational luck, and most importantly, he's a good *reactive*. Giraud draws us into Mosques' spooky action by taking it on with just a little more presence of mind than we could muster. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is both backdrop and villain. Pronzini knows his subject and jams on it. Unlike many pulpist/populist writers, Pronzini lubes corniness with humor. But there are holes in this who-or-what-dunnit. Why does Giraud, queasy at the thought of voodoo, know some of its lingo and traditions? We never find out, but there's no time to care, from the cinematic drunken-sex/voodoo-murder scene to the final brutal twist.

The Calling by **Bob Randall** (Simon & Schuster) is a what-dunnit, not a who-dunnit—so it's horror, not terror. Unlike Pronzini, who takes cues from the colorful pulp-action tradition, Randall enters metaphysics via the slow, character-oriented ethic of the mainstream. Plucky heroine Susan Goodman comes complete with husband, kid, hound, career, Mom, and pals, all would be well if Badness itself stopped telephoning her. It also kills mysteriously and turns a man into a sexual sixty-second wonder . . . all while the reader awaits the monster's description. Sorry, you'll have to picture it yourself; badness to Mr. Randall is naught but—gasp!—*rough trade*. Near the end Evil rasps, "You have an eternity of eating shit ahead of you . . . you'll rim me until Armageddon on your knees . . ." Am I getting jaded? Although monster-rimming sounds more pointless and less pleasant than changing a diaper, the threat of nasty sex just doesn't make it as the ultimate horror. Randall can give good line: a girl describes her young boyfriend as "a body like Mr. a mind like rayon." Here's hoping Bob Randall's next book is mainstream or historical.

Odd. **Andrew Neiderman's *Brainchild*** (Pocket Books) opens with an unbelievable, unlikable heroine. That would be original if it worked. Spotlighted is Lois Wilson, a cold, brilliant teen with a flair for cruel behaviorist experiments. Enter the good-hearted bores: Mom, a thwarted cheerleader; Dad, a sickly pharmacist; and wide-eyed little Billy. While they do have the makings of jolly victims, the reader identifies only with a sidewalk ghoul riveted to the sight of a hit-and-run. *Brainchild* wants to be a fable wherein behaviormod is bad and humanist compassion is good. But it coughs up another meaning—the smart heroine is the monster. We may be uneasy about high-powered young ladies, but having this worked on feels like laughing at a racist joke: it's embarrassing. Neiderman has done his homework on behaviorism, scene-building, and being generally appalling. Despite its offensiveness, or because of it, *Brainchild* is chilling.

Sick of horror novels peopled with normative all-com-level families? Try **Richard Lortz's *Lovers Living, Lovers Dead*** (Second Chance Press). Our gorgeous, freaky leading lady prowls the garden, padded and made-up to resemble a pregnant Egyptian queen. Her dear little twins cage giant cockroaches "to teach them tricks." This is horror? No, this is the sweet domestic backdrop against which the horror contrasts. And it works. Lortz's tale comes complete with weird rites unheard-of drugs, and the grotesque sexual overtures of birds. Playfully, we are led in to a beautiful obsession, an obsession withering and blackening at the edges.

—Jay Rothbell

Out to Lynch

David Lynch

No, I'm sorry. There must be some mistake. The smiling, mild-mannered guy sitting behind the desk across from me cannot be the same David Lynch who wrote/directed *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*. No way. That David Lynch undoubtedly resembles *Eraserhead*'s Henry—short, dark, stoop-shouldered, tense, scared, and furtive. This alleged David Lynch is anything but those things. He's fairly tall, around six feet-ish, with pale, doughy skin, blond/brown/red hair, and an innocently transparent air of guileless sincerity. No chance this well-adjusted, relaxed, and articulate individual could've conceived two such dark, brooding bits of nightmare. But he insists. Would this guy lie?

David Lynch was born in 1946 in Missoula, Montana, and spent the first eighteen years of his life in a succession of five different, small-to-medium-sized American cities. He attended art school in Washington, D.C., Boston, and Philadelphia, studying painting, and began making short films while at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His third, a thirty-four-minute animated/live action featurette called "The Grandmother," won him a slew of film festival prizes and paved the way for the American Film Institute-supported *Eraserhead*, inspired by his unpleasant stay in decaying Philadelphia, but filmed entirely in Los Angeles. Taking six years from conception to release, *Eraserhead* was Lynch's movie from beginning to end (seven people did everything short of developing the emulsion), and is probably the premier underground/independent American film of the seventies. It still plays the college and midnight circuits incessantly (Lynch notes proudly that all investors have been repaid, and he still receives regular royalty checks). Not bad for a strange, scarcely narrative, profoundly disturbing little film.

Within two years, Lynch found himself directing a major, studio-financed feature film. *The Elephant Man*, a marvelously realized study in compassion and human cruelty, garnered Lynch two Academy Award nominations for best director and best screenplay adaptation. Currently he is at work on his fourth screenplay draft for the Dino De Laurentiis production of *Dune* at Universal Studios, which he is also slated to direct (Alejandro Jodorowsky and Ridley Scott have both been there before him). He is excited and optimistic about the project.

I meet him in his office on the Universal lot. To my left, arranged on a brown leatherette couch, are five stuffed Woody Woodpecker dolls ("My boys," he calls them, and reels off their names by way of introduction). Shapes cut from red construction paper are pinned in various locations on the walls. Opposite his desk is a waist-high row of colored push-pins, to which are attached strings trailing down to the floor, their ends tied around flat-sided rocks. There is something of a self-conscious idiosyncrasy about the decor, but also a distinct pen humor of enforced contradiction, something I first noticed in Lynch's way speech. I have absolutely no idea what to make of all this.

—Lou Stathis

NM: Judging from *Eraserhead*, you must've had a particularly shabby-ridish childhood.

DL: I had a very happy childhood. These things in *Eraserhead* come from somewhere unseen; it's not a surface kind of thing.

NM: Meaning it's not drawn from your own life?

DL: If it's from my own life, I don't see it. It's from so far inside, hidden, that it can only come out in an idea, which kind of balloons out. I don't know where it comes from. My childhood was picket fences, blue skies, red flowers, and cherry trees—but then I would see millions of little ants swarming on the cherry tree, which had pitch oozing out of it. I noticed these little things, but mostly what I saw was very happy. It was good times on our street—that's my life. When I first saw New York and Philadelphia, they made a huge impression on me because the contrast was so great. It hit me harder. I really saw it, and I really felt it—the fear was so great it was unbelievable. The things I saw were so foreign, it was like being on another world.

NM: There's a great deal of sexual fear and anxiety in *Eraserhead*: spermlike things falling from the sky and getting stepped on, Mary's mother getting Henry about whether he had "sexual intercourse" with her daughter and then pawing him . . .

DL: Yes. It's more of a reproductive fear, I think. A responsibility fear—Mel Brooks told me he saw in *Eraserhead* a tremendous fear of responsibility.

NM: A fear of adulthood.

DL: Yes. I would agree with that. I never really analyse too many things. I just go with feelings and moods. It's like an unbroken kind of logic.

NM: So do you think that being in a place like Philadelphia when you were in the process of becoming an adult—going to college, getting married, etc.—made *Eraserhead* into what it is, your "Philadelphia" movie?

DL: I'm sure. Everything around you goes in and swims around, and how it comes out is determined by your filter. Your filter is shaped through so many things in your being, in your head, that's why so much of the same material can go through different people and come out so differently in the end.

NM: What sort of process do you go through to suit the sort of stuff up?

DL: There's an original idea somewhere that's sort of a magnet, and it attracts ideas that will join up with it—sort of like a little solar system. They all swim about around this sun, which is the original idea, and pretty soon you've got a system going. And maybe something will swim through, but it won't really be part of it, so it'll keep on going and go away, because it didn't fit. And that's why I think *Eraserhead* is an honest picture—even though it isn't "normal" or explained, it goes by rules, and those rules were adhered to. You can feel an honesty and a logic to it. This takes a lot of concentration—you have to spend lots of time thinking about these ideas, capturing them, because they'll swim so deep you won't see them. They'll go away—you've got to dive down there and catch them, and once you catch them you've got to look at them very carefully, because the way you see them the first time you'll forget about later on. You've got to make sure you preserve the way you originally saw them—that's where the power of the idea is. Now I know that it's good to have rules of thought, but I don't think it's too good to analyze too much while you're flowing, because sometimes you can think too much. Later on, when you look back at what you've done, it seems almost magical—there's so much power there, and so many things that were right on, but there was no thinking.

NM: Did you write an actual script for *Eraserhead*?

DL: Yes, it was twenty-one pages long. It wasn't a regular script at all, though: it was more a diagram kind of thing, to remind myself to do certain things. Even if I had scripted it out, it never would've been made in that way. So many things in a film like *Eraserhead* can't really be written down, and when you're forced to write things down, you end up making a different kind of film.

NM: How did you go about assembling the film?

DL: I went around finding people to work on the movie, to be in it. We started building sets and finding props, getting Henry dressed up, the whole thing.

NM: Was any of it improvised?

DL: No. I don't hate improvisation, but it sort of implies that you don't know what you want and you're going to fiddle around until you like something.

NM: Too uncontrolled?

DL: Yes, way too uncontrolled—because then that scene would influence everything that came after it. You'd never know where a movie was going if you did that. The only thing that changed was the Lady in the Radiator—she wasn't in it at all in the original.

NM: Where'd she come from?

DL: I don't know, but she's the light in Henry's life. We'd already shot the radiator, and when I got this idea, I ran back in . . . and there it was, a little hole, perfect for her to live in. The idea came in its entirety, and it fit perfectly with what we had done.

NM: Do you think visually or verbally?

DL: Yes, way more visual than verbal. It's very hard for me to write a script—I've written several, but I'm not a writer. It's kind of a shame that we have to write things down—film is so much more than just words. It's sound and picture and sequences. I wish there was some other way to represent film, some better form of visual shorthand.

NM: Do you think now that you're working within the studio structure you can still make films that satisfy you?

DL: Oh, yeah. In the future I'd like to do abstract, absurd films, because I still get the ideas like that. But I have to kind of, like, hold them now, and wait for the time to do them. Even on *The Elephant Man*, there were things in it that were abstract, that had feelings and a mood that I could really get into, and now on *Dune* there are some incredible things, cinema things that I'm getting to do.

NM: You're not finding these impulses conflicting?

DL: No, then I couldn't do it. There's a way to do a commercial picture that is really powerful and has got all the ingredients that I really like. It's hard, and you've got to look high and low, but *Dune* has got all those things. There are restrictions because things cost a lot of money—this is a super-expensive picture to do. No one is really restricting me in my thinking, except for money, and that would happen on any picture.

NM: What's with your fascination for machinery?

DL: I love factories. Industry, railroads, diners, anything industrial, I go for. The world, unfortunately, really only exists in our minds—if we could go into the world, it would be unbelievable. I love going in there.

NM: Both *Eraserhead* and *Elephant Man* have a frightened view of machinery—it's malevolent, threatening. Yet when you talk of it, you say you like it.

DL: You see, I like Bob's Big Boy—you don't know Bob's Big Boy, do you?

NM: We don't have it in New York, I'm afraid.

DL: Bob's is a coffee shop, and it's very clean. It's very normal, good food. And they've got a chocolate shake that's, like, the most. This is what I like, where I'd like to go—I'd like to go to Bob's, but in my mind I'd rather go into a factory world. It's too frightening to go there really, so we can only go there in the movies. I like clean, well-lit places in my life, but when I sit down and start thinking, I can go to Philadelphia. It's like looking in, but if things get heavy, then you can leave. It makes you feel comfortable and happy, so you can think of other things and concentrate on ideas. If you're miserable, you can't create.

Henry in *Eraserhead*

Nuke-Knock

It's easy enough to become blase about instant obliteration when you've grown up in the shadow of a mushroom cloud. But the Big Bang remains the most compelling horror scenario simply because it really could happen. And now, an innovative documentary called **The Atomic Cafe** serves up some rather unappetizing reminders of what nuclear technology hath wrought.

A complex collage of newsreel, TV, and government film footage, the film traces an age of paranoia and indoctrination from Hiroshima through the cold war to the insanely commercialized era of atomic cocktails and shelter-equipped suburban homes. Using propaganda against itself, directors Jayne Loader and Kevin and Pierce Rafferty juxtapose the grotesque and the merely ludicrous, offering a short course in media manipulation while redefining the concept of documentary filmmaking.

Forgoing a portentious narrator to tie things together with grave 20/20 hindsight, the filmmakers let the newscasters, government officials, and pop singers of the era speak for, and frequently indict, themselves. Gallows humor abounds: you can't help but laugh when Civil Defense Daddy herds his brood into the backyard fallout shelter saying, "If there's an explosion, we'll wait about a minute after it's over and go upstairs to see if it's all right for us to clean up." But the hilarity is tempered with the gruesome, like shots of patients at the Nagasaki Infectious Hospital, and the chilling knowledge that people actually took these training precautions seriously—as if ducking under a picnic cloth could protect you from an atomic blast. Then there's the bomb itself, always cascading majestically heavenward—as a briefing officer says, "Watched from a distance, this explosion is one of the most beautiful sights ever seen by man."

The Atomic Cafe's delectable layer cake of irony and ridicule may taste more like crow to flag-waving Americans. So if it doesn't make it to your Main Street, check out the book version (Bantam), or the soundtrack LP (Rounder), a campy collection of "radioactive rock 'n' roll, blues, country, and gospel" featuring cold-war classics like "When Jesus Hits Like an Atom Bomb" and the sublimely schmaltzy "Atomic Love."

—David Keeps

CRYPTICA

Choice-o-Rat Week ■ Via those wonderful people who draw conclusions about human behavior from the study of rodents comes the latest results of undoubtedly thorough and extremely costly research. Are you ready for this? Female rats with neck collars which prevented them from licking their genitals were found to *eat their young*; rats either without collars or wearing collars which still left them free to lick their genitals *didn't* eat their young. So, folks, the message seems to be: beware of tight collars and continue to lubricate your genitals with saliva. And watch out if rats ever start experimenting on people.

As Above, So Below ■ Sinister news from the front line in Man's eternal war with termites—those wood-munching armies whose appetite continues to undermine civilization as we know it. Experiments with the chemical Methoprene are showing success in controlling the termite battalions by causing workers to mutate into soldiers. It seems soldier termites' sword-shaped mouth-parts make them incapable of feeding, and they become dependent on the dwindling number of workers to assist them. This new refinement in ecological warfare sounds like Reaganomics in microcosm, as more and more human resources seem to get channeled into supporting our own war machines. So if any readers happen to see exhausted worker termites carrying tiny anti-military placards, please inform this column immediately.

Nuke Notes ■ However hard you try to have faith, somehow Big Brother always confirms your worst fears. The bureaucrats who dreamed up the method of burying low-level nuke waste in shallow graves have uncovered sabotage by moles. Gophers, to be exact, have been detected tunneling in and around waste and burial sites, threatening to expose radioactive matter. Even if the rodents don't penetrate through to the actual graves, researchers are worried about water seepage, displacement of contaminated soil, etc. ■ Still, it should comfort you to know that when it comes to a nuclear holocaust everything's been taken care of ahead of time. The Federal Emergency Management Agency has stockpiled large amounts of essential materials for the eventuality: 130,000 pounds of opium, 150,000 pounds of goose feathers, and 22,000,000 fluid ounces of castor oil.

War Games ■ So you thought germ warfare was all about test tubes full of lethal brew which could instantly disbatch millions with some exotic new plague? Think again, Military strategists, figuring that they would be in equal jeopardy as their targets if these old-style substances were deployed in battle, have now changed tack. New-style biological weapons will feature new, more virulent forms of existing "softer" diseases—like the good, old-fashioned flu—to temporarily debilitate defenders while attacking armies wreak through. ■ Still, according to other sources, future wars won't be nuclear or biochemical, but fought by computers on a grand scale—wreaking their own brand of socioeconomic catastrophe by manipulating global weather forecasts, sabotaging commodities markets, secretly screwing up computer programs which control energy distribution, and subverting the World Banking System's Electronic Transfer Network. Pleasant dreams . . . .

—Malik Kaylon

VIDEO MEDIA MANIA!

BANG! ZOOM! WHAT'S THE SOUND OF THE VIDEO GAME EXPLOSION.

PING! CLANK! THUD! THAT'S THE SOUND OF FAST-BUCK ARTISTS TRYING TO CASH IN ON IT. VIDEO GAMES HAVE SPAWNED A BIG PARASITE INDUSTRY FEATURING BOOKS, RECORDS, MAGAZINES, AND MOVIES.

THE FIRST + BEST BOOK I EVER HEARD ABOUT GAMES WAS DAVE ANDERSON BY THE BIG TRIUMVIRATE FROM THE FIRST LP, AN INSTRUCTIONAL GUIDE SET TO MUSIC. ON VIDEO GAMES BY DAVID JAMES, A FUNNY TUNE THAT CAPTURED THE FUN OF PLAYING ARCADE GAMES. I GIVE IT A 10, 'CAUSE YOU CAN LISTEN TO IT ON THE OTHER SIDE. PAC-MAN FEVER, THE LP BY BUCKNER & GARCIA, IS A CREATIVE INTERPRETATION OF EIGHT VIDEO GAMES. I GIVE IT A 35.

DEFEND IS A LIBRARY BOOK IF YOU HATE BOOKS. THE STORY IS IMPOSSIBLY STUPID AND THE CHARACTERS SO INANE I WAS HOPING THEY'D ALL DIE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THE GRAPHICS ARE ADEQUATE, BUT IT'S LIKE WATCHING A CAR COMMERCIAL FOR TWO HOURS. LET'S HOPE STAR BLASTERS, THE NEXT IN THESE, IS BETTER THAN THIS.

THREE DIFFERENT MAGAZINES DEVOTED TO VIDEO GAMES HAVE COME OUT SO FAR. ELECTRONIC GAMES WAS THE FIRST AND DOES A GOOD JOB, ESPECIALLY ON HOME GAMES. VIDEO GAMING LOOKS GOOD, TASTES GREAT, AND COVERS ALL ASPECTS OF VIDEO GAMES. REGRETTABLY THE FIRST ISSUE OF VIDEOGAMING ILLUSTRATED WAS RUSHED OUT. SOME EXCELLENT PIECES ON TELEVISION, BUT OVERALL THE WRITING AND GRAPHICS ARE WEAK.

THERE ARE A LOT OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET. HERE'S A QUICK LOOK AT MASTER TWO:

THE VIDEO WARRIORS (WOK) BY STEVE BJORK. VERY INFORMATIVE. HE EXPLAINS THE HISTORY, INVENTION, TECHNOLOGY, AND THE PERSONALITIES OF VIDEO GAMES IN DETAIL.

THE WINNING JOYSTICK BY STEVE FRANSCIOR. A VERY FUNNY SATIRE OF VIDEO GAMES. WON'T IMPROVE YOUR SCORE, BUT SO WHAT?

[illegible] (SIGNET) BY NICK LEYDEN. GOOD STRATEGIES, BUT TO READ THE BEST "VIDEO" BOOK

WANT TO BEAT THE VIDEO GAMES (SIGNET) BY MICHAEL BLANKENEY. HORRIBLE. ABSOLUTELY THE WORST BUY AT ANY COST.

THE WARRIOR'S BOOK OF VIDEO GAMES (WARNER) BY FRED HABER AND STRATEGY BY ALFRED[illegible]. SIMPLISTIC. [illegible] IT. AMAZING WITH ONLY STYLE. HATES CHILDREN.

[illegible] OF THE VIDEO GAME [illegible] (SIGNET) BY DON ALBERT. NO INTERESTING OR EXCITING STRATEGIES. THE WRITER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT. HE MAKES IT SOUND LIKE ANYONE CAN BEAT THE GAMES.

HOW TO WIN AT VIDEO GAMES (TAB BOOKS) BY [illegible]. GOOD BEGINNING TIPS. SOME USEFUL, SOME NOT. INTERESTING INFORMATION & REAL BARGAIN.

HOW TO MASTER THE VIDEO GAMES (BANTAM) BY TOM HERSHFIELD. COVERS 15 VIDEO GAMES IN [illegible] DETAIL. IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT ONE OF THESE, IT'S FOR YOU.

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO CONQUERING VIDEO GAMES (SIGNET) BOOK LOOK AT PHILOSOPHIES OF GAMES OVERS THE HOME VERSIONS. WELL BUT SHORT. OVER THE ARCADE GAMES.

THE ULTIMATE STRATEGY GUIDE (TAB) BY ELECTRONIC GAMES. A THOROUGH GUIDE TO PLAYING ATARI VCS VIDEO GAMES, INCLUDING ACTIVISION, TELE-ARCADE, AND [illegible]. REQUIRED READING FOR CHAMPIONS AND [illegible].

PAC-MANIA (BERKLEY HOUSE) BY [illegible]. THE ONLY BOOK DEVOTED TO PAC-MAN. FUN. IT COVERS STRATEGY AND PATTERNS FOR PAC-MAN AND MS. PAC-MAN. EVERY HOME VIDEO GAME, THE HAND-HELD MODELS AND PAC-MAN. FINALLY, ALSO COVERS PAC-PHENOMENON—THE CLOTHING, MERCHANDISE, RECORDS, COMIC STRIPS, BOARD GAMES, ETC. BEAUTIFUL COLOR PICTURES. ONE OF THE BEST.

MASTERING THE ATARI (SIGNET) BY [illegible]. USING THE MOST EXHAUSTIVE AND BEST BOOK ON PAC-MAN. LOTS OF PATTERNS.

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO [illegible] BY JIM GRAGG AND JOHN BRAGER. ANOTHER BOOK OF PAC-MAN PATTERNS.

[illegible] BY PAC-MAN (WARNER) BY [illegible]. ANOTHER BOOK OF PATTERNS.

[illegible] BY PAC-MAN (SIGNET BOOK) BY [illegible] GUIDE, PATTERNS IN COLOR.

[illegible] BY PAC-MAN (SIGNET BOOK) BY [illegible] GUIDE. ALL PAC-MAN PATTERNS IN COLOR.

THE VIDEOMANIACS GUIDE TO [illegible] (BANTAM) BY STEVE SNYDER. A LOT OF STRATEGY AND VERY BAD WRITING.

[illegible] BY [illegible] (SIGNET BOOK) BY [illegible] GUIDE. FUN, STRATEGY AND PATTERNS IN FOUR-COLOR SPLENDOR. AWFUL ART!

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO [illegible] (BANTAM) BY DAVE DUBERN. THE BEST "HOW TO" BOOK ON ANY GAME. GIVES GENERAL IDEAS TO READER AND A CHAPTER ON SHORTCUTTING PLAYING STYLES FOR THE SERIOUS BUFF.

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO [illegible] (BANTAM) BY NICK LEYDEN. THE BITS VERY STRANGE, STUPID WRITING. THE WORST.

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE NOW A NUMBER OF BOOKS ON VIDEO GAMES ABOUT VIDEO GAMES, I CAN ONLY HOPE IT GETS BETTER. NOT MUCH OF THE WRITING IS AS GOOD AS WHAT YOU FIND IN VIDEO TECHNICAL MANUALS.

—[illegible]

MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERN T-SHIRT?...
...NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?
HEAVY METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?
HEAVY METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON! ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL, DEPT 1082
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NEW YORK, NY 10022
PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

FREAK SHOW

WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON

THE STORY SO FAR: THE DARK STRANGER OF VICE [illegible]

THEY LIVED TOGETHER, THE LAST BLOOD OF MORAG NAMED LILA THE OLD DARK BEARDED MAN NAMED ALIKEE. THEY LIVED WITH DEJA THE FROG GIRL AND HORN HEAD BOY AND POSIF THE PINHEAD AND WILHELM THE WOMAN ORK OF VUDE AND ZIGMUND AND ALL THE OTHER MISSHAPEN FREAKS OF NATURE AND [illegible]

AND WHEN HE WAS AWAY, HOOTING CROWDS GATHERED FROM THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES AND THREW DOWN THEIR CLOTHES AND AWAITED THE RETURN OF THE CHARIOT. AS IT ENTERED THE GATE OF THE CITY
ET THESE WRETCHES WHO CLING TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE
THE PROMISED SCAPE.

AT NIGHT, WHEN THE REVELRY HAD DISPERSED, GONE SNICKERING TO THEIR WARM HOMES
THEIR NORMAL HEARTH, THE LOVED ONES A JOY LIGHT CLOWED SOFT
A MAGIC WINDOW A DEEP GENTLE GOLD
OF
BE HONEST, HE DESPISED THE CRUEL LAUGHTER
ASHES SWEPT AWAY BY THE STORM, THERE WAS
THE UNIVERSE WITH THE GENEROSITY OF
THE FINE WALLS
THERE WAS A GREAT BEARDED MAN AND HIS LOVELY FLAXEN WIFE AND THE WARM, ETERNAL BLISS OF BEEN, NEED AND
THEN IT WAS GONE
HERE WAS
THE

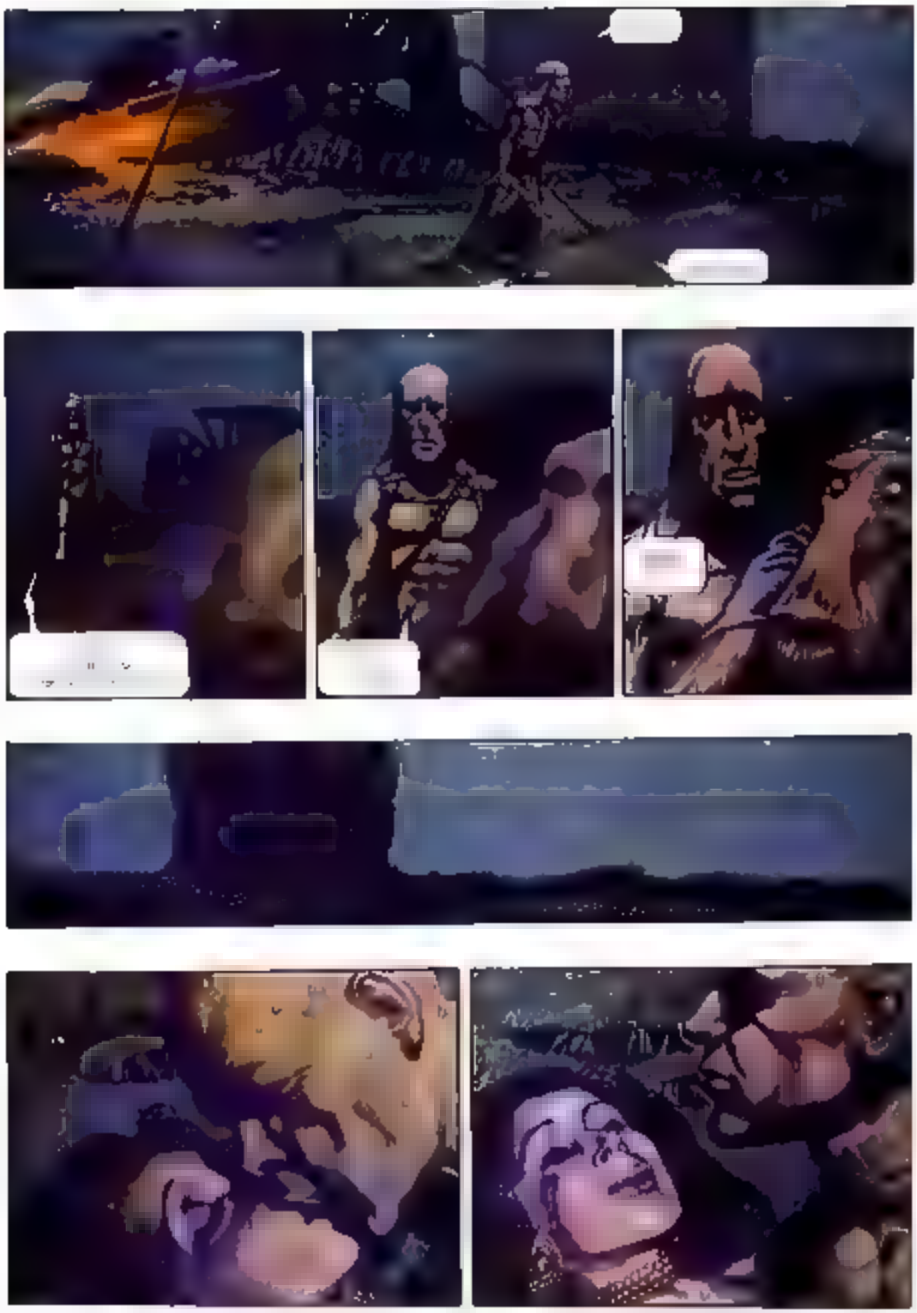
LA BECAME PREGNANT. IT WAS AN EVENT MET WITH MUCH
CELEBRATION AND HAPPY ANTICIPATION BY BOTH
MAREK AND HIS JOYOUS FREAKS. A CAMP FILLED
WITH SO MUCH LOVE COULD NOT ONE MORE
SMILE'S PLACE ON A PICTURE THEY HAPPINESS!
IT WAS A PAINFUL LABOR FRAUGHT WITH ILL
AND MISERY. LA BECAME DEATHLY PALE,
BEING LIKE A CANDLE BURNING BETWEEN
THE WORLDS, AND TOOK HER LOVELY
FROM HER MASK OF AGONY.
I'LL GO FOR A DOCTOR
NO, DARLING, DON'T LEAVE ME!
BEFORE A MERE MILE A WALKER PACED
OUTSIDE THE WAGON, SURROUNDED BY A
THE MIRACLE
AND THE DOCTOR WILL BE HERE MUCH SOONER THAN IS

MASTER MASTER WAKE UP
A GIRL MEANS A BEAUTIFUL NEW GIF
A GURLZ I HAVE A LITTLE BABY DAUGH
TOK

NNAAAGGG-HHHHH!

TCHAK!
TCHAK!

DCD II



SCOOURR
AAAAAAAAGGHH
GRAMPS!
SSCRROOUUNCH!

The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films

is pleased to announce the winners of their Ninth Annual Awards Ceremony.

Actor
Harrison Ford
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Actress
Karen Allen
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Supporting Actress
Frances Sternhagen
Outland

Supporting Actor
Burgess Meredith
Clash of the Titans

Direction
Steven Spielberg
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Screenplay
Lawrence Kasdan
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Soundtrack
John Williams
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Special Effects
Richard Edlund
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Make-up
Rick Baker
American Werewolf in London

Costume
Bob Ringwood
Excalibur

Science Fiction Film
Superman II
Warner Bros.

Fantasy Film
Raiders of the Lost Ark
Paramount Pictures

Horror Film
American Werewolf in London
Universal Pictures

International Film
Quest for Fire
Twentieth Century-Fox

Low-Budget Film
Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker
IFM

Life Career Award
Ray Harryhausen

Outstanding Achievement
Quest for Fire
Twentieth Century-Fox

President's Award
Time Bandits
Avco

Executive Achievement
Hans Salter

Heavy Metal **wishes to extend congratulations to all of the winners. We would also like to thank the Academy for the Golden Scroll Award for Outstanding Achievement, presented to us on June 30th, 1982, by Dr. Donald Reed.**

I'M AGE

© J Jones 1987

LEGEND HAS IT THAT NOT LONG AGO IN A PLACE NOT FAR AWAY A YOUNG WOMAN DISAPPEARED

ONE NIGHT SHE WENT ALONE INTO THE FOREST TO TRAP A **MAN**

AND SHOWERS OF A GREAT BEAST PREYED UP IN THE LAND

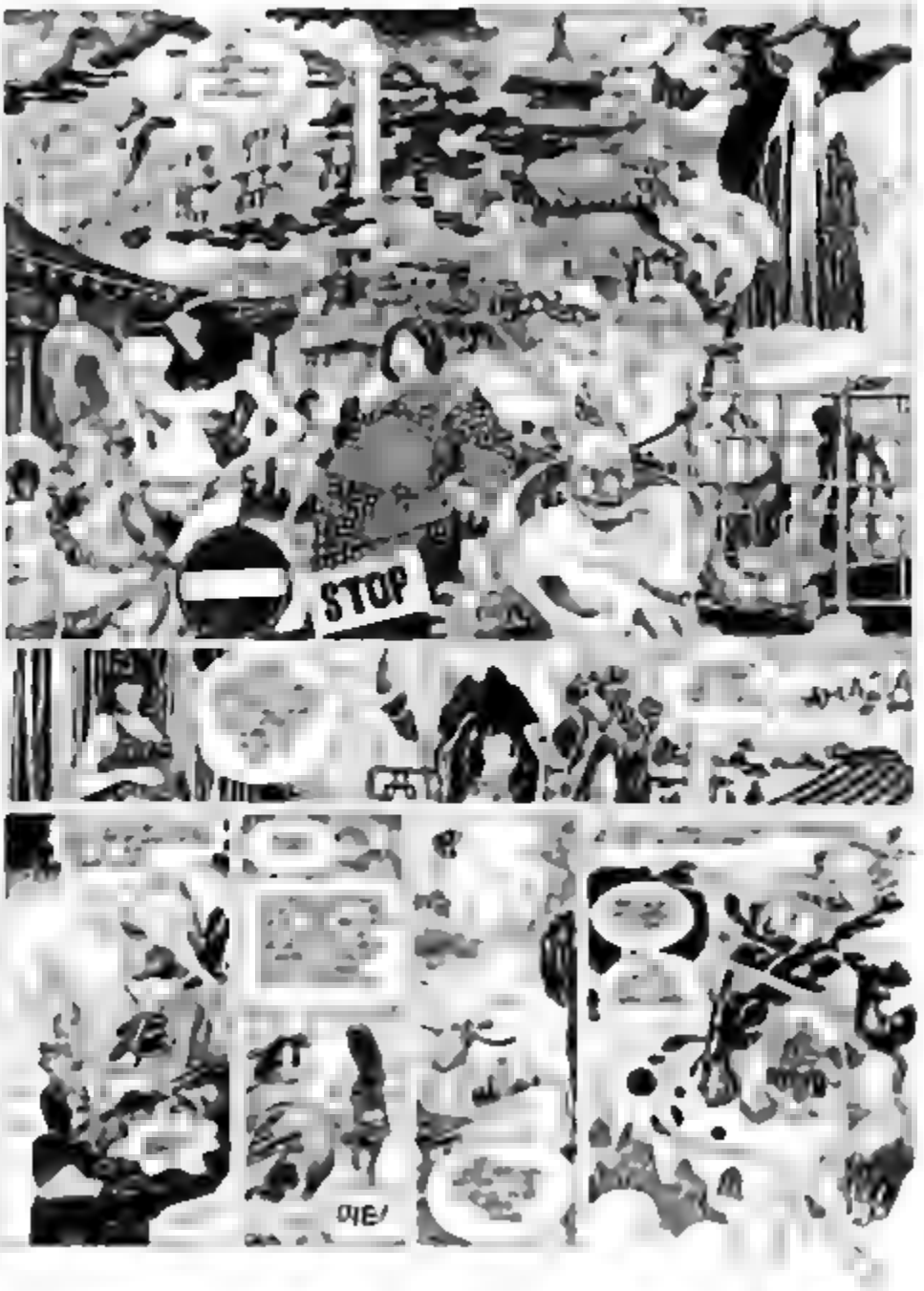
NOW NO ONE WENT TO THE FOREST GLADE FOR FEAR OF THE NIGHTWING BIRD **BIGHEAD**

WHY DIDN'T SHE RUN?

I WAS A WIFE DISGUISED AS A **MAN**

THE APE
ZAP

COME AND LET ME SHARE ANOTHER FORMULA WITH YOU. IT'S CALLED TRAPEZE OF THE CLOUDS, AND IT WILL PERMIT YOU TO FLY ACROSS THE WORLD IN A SINGLE DAY
FASTER THAN A JET? WONDERFUL
WHAT DAMNED LUCK THAT MONKEY HAS. IF HE LEARNS TO FLY LOW ENOUGH HE CAN DISTRIBUTE MESSAGES, LETTERS, AND BROCHURES. WHY HELL, BE IN BUSINESS FOR LIFE
WANT THE MASTER TO TEACH ME THAT ONE ABOUT DRINKING BARK AND FISH. MAYBE EVENTUALLY I COULD PUT UP SAIL, GO TO THE RIVIERA AND OPEN A RESTAURANT
THANKS AGAIN, DEAR MASTER
I'LL SCRUTINIZE IT THOROUGHLY
I WOULDN'T MISS IT
I'LL TELL HER
MY PLEASURE. NOW STUDY THAT LAST FORMULA
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW
MY BEST TO YOUR MOTHER
HEY! ASS-KISSING ENOUGH. YOU'VE BEEN KOWTOWING TO THE MASTER FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW
HEY WILL YOU SHOW US A TRICK?
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TRANSFORM MY SELF INTO? A PALE TREE?
MAYBE JUST A SHORT FLIGHT? A QUICK TRAPEZE FORMATION?
SURE. I'VE GOT SOME FAINT DO IT
BUT NOT ALSO!
TRANSFORMATION!
HE SAID
HE ACTUALLY SAY DO
LOOK AT THE BRANCHES
DO YOU SMELL THAT STENCH?
MORE MORE
WHAT IS ALL THIS NONSE?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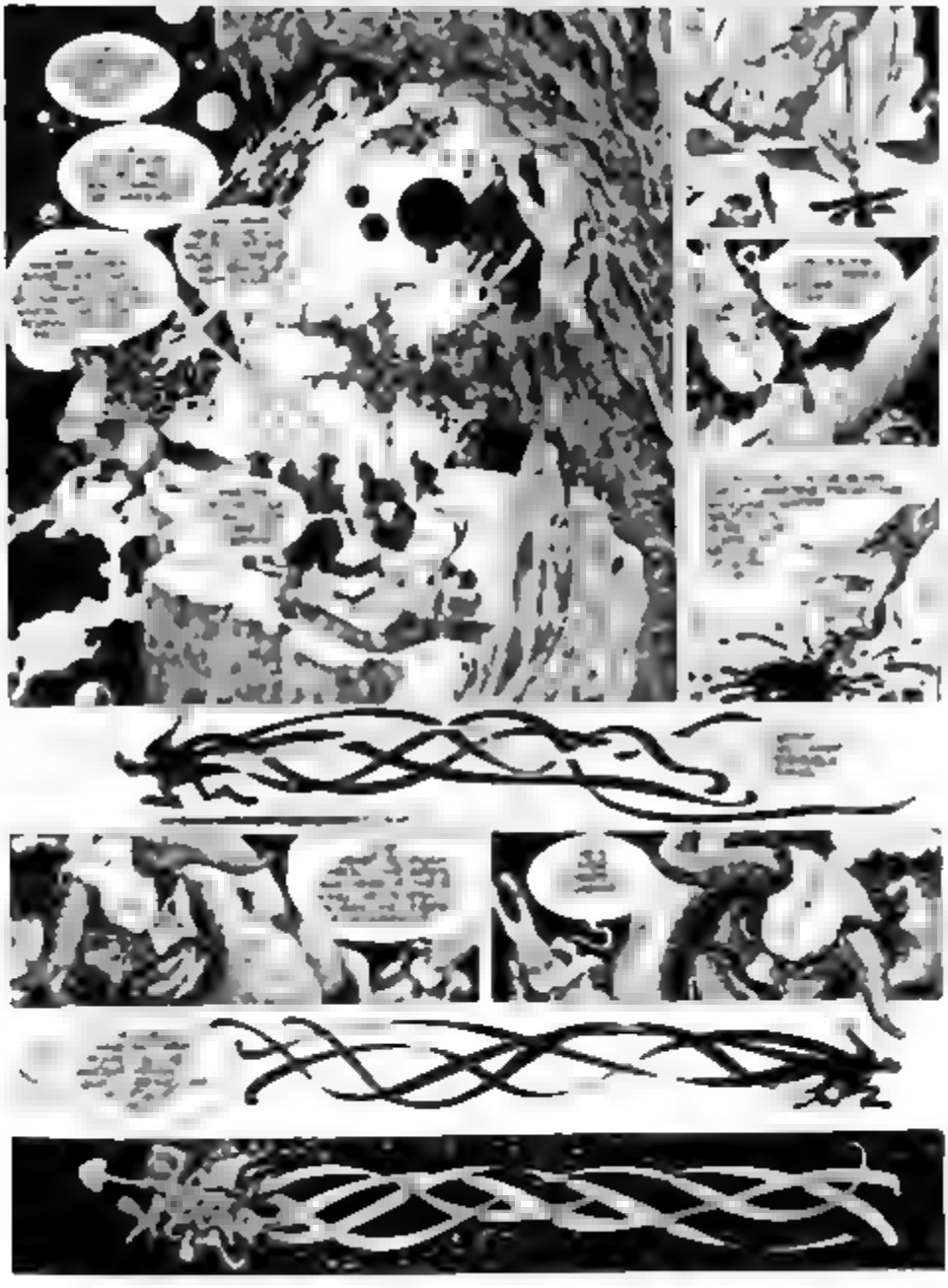

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the 40s & 50s were saying. "You can't sell comic books with nine armed dogs and dismembering ink fly and hallucinating flying saucers." The publishers assembly-line art. "You guys are crazy."

They were right. But after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists were crazy. And sometimes sane. And progressed from a state of insanity over the course of underground comix. Over a decade and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through the mail, in their original form.

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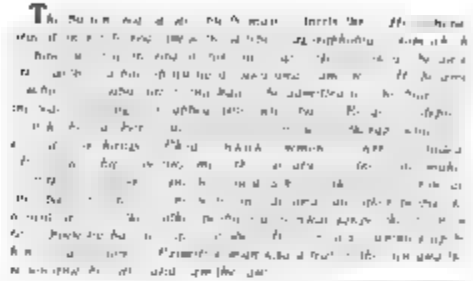
Fantasy Comix Package. Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Kirby do their thing in unimaginable manner. Very adult. $6.25

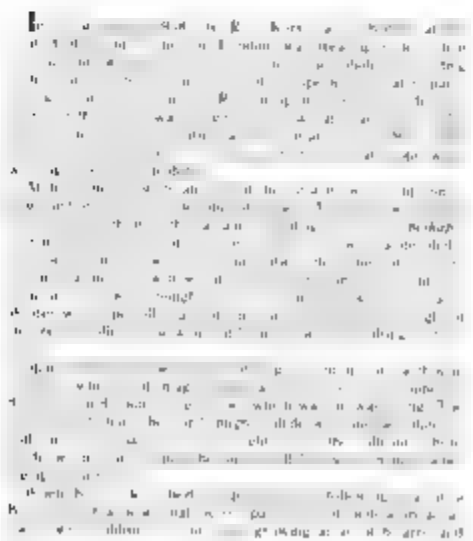
OCTOBER

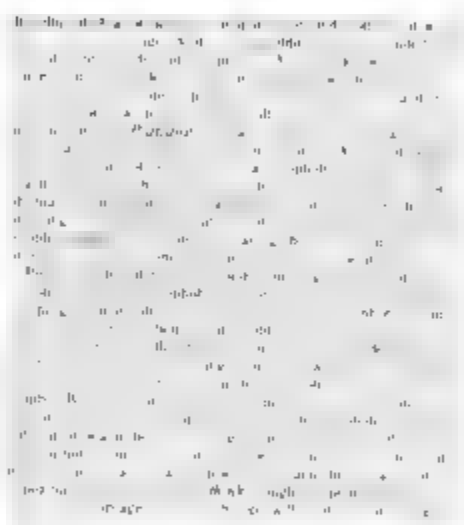
SCARY DREAMS

THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

Phobias from the Dawn of Time to the Space Age







by Jeff Goldberg

ment the darkest, darkest pits of the imagination, he pictures himself as a hissing, slithering, shambling, unbelievably

sharp nails of ten thousand scaly paws crackle hundredfold in the heart, as the belly emits a scrambling wave of nausea.

Which, when you stop to think about it, is a pretty ridiculous reaction to a cute little cuddly-furry creature with big ears and eyes. But hundreds of thousands of people can't stop thinking about mice without coming unstrung in precisely this way. And millions more experience similar uncanny attacks of sheer, unreasoning

That's right, millions. According to medical records, phobias

Phobias are named after the ancient Greek god Phobus, lord of war and slaughter. His fearsome, bearded visage alone was enough. Greek warriors believed to send enemies into panic-stricken flight and so they actually depicted old Phobus on their shields and weapons. Yet the real avatar of phobias in Greek mythology wasn't Phobus but another god, Pan. Pan was so ugly that when he was born his own mother ran away in horror, leaving Greek storytellers at a loss to say who spawned the sacred mess-stirrer. He had little horns, a little beard, and the legs, hooves, and

get-chested walker him, he'd let out such a horrible yell that the archaeologists hair would frizzle, in what today we call panic-fear.

the houses throughout the land. Pan is supposed to have died in April of A. D. 1, but panic-fear must certainly have lived on.

One does not walk alone down lonely fear he should swoon or die. A second fear, even more he meets will rob

chamber where cross beams are. For fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate herself. If he be at a sermon he is afraid he shall speak aloud, or imitate something indecent. If he be in a locked room, he is afraid of being stifled.

seventeenth-century phobias compiled by the venerable English cleric Robert Burton, amply illustrates. Such demons were prevalent in 1621, the year Burton published *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, his famous treatise on psychosomatic illnesses. Shy gentlemen were men and women, he claimed, never ventured out of their houses without a flask of vinegar to sniff at, lest they be overcome by some phobia or other and faint.

the first days of the space race. The phobia of the moment in 1961 was syphilophobia. Syphilis had not appeared in Europe for

clergymen that it was decreed to get it. "If still a people epidemic one physician complained. Other doctors themselves with terrible spirochetes. And so struggle are they possessed with this notion that an honest practitioner generally finds it more difficult to cure the imaginary evil than the real one. A similar phenomenon occurred when germs were discovered in the nineteenth

During phobias was until Freud came along, a frustrating and thankless task for doctors, which is why perhaps their methods

A Frankish physician examined the woman and said, Thus

The physician then said, The devil has penetrated through

The patient, according to this account by the twelfth-century monk Thabit, was never again tormented by her phobias, she

Such wonder cures for phobias don't originate in the Middle Ages, though. Back in the first century, the Roman doctor Celsius prescribed a cure for hydrophobia,

seawaters into a water tank. If he calmed swim, let him walk under them till him out; if he can swim, push him under at

Shock treatment and lobotomy are the modern equivalents

given himself? Al Marks boasted that he 'modified' prefrontal lobotomies were a dynamite cure for phobias. Eleven agora

lobotomized phobics over a seven-month period. Marks was pleased to report that phobias 'improved significantly' in the lobotomized group. Six patients apparently developed other ones, summarized by Marks as follows: 'Drug addiction, ... alcoholism,

Easy (6). Drug addiction, hangers, laziness, and struggling

terrestrials down through the ages have been at more than one time or another afflicted with a morbid fear of flowers.

History is chock full of famous phobics. The Roman Emperor Augustus Caesar couldn't sit alone in the dark, King James I of England swooned at the sight of an unsheathed sword, the poets Emily Dickenson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the French mathematician Pascal were all agoraphobics. Charles Darwin even became frantic at the sight of caged snakes, the American financier Howard Hughes was so germophobic that he

Throughout the 1920s, when Freud was in his thirties, a pa phobia-prone age, later researchers and growing precious little of anything except solitude

would plummet from "elation and self-confidence to depression and doubt."

psychoanalysis

There was nothing at all wrong with Freud's heart, mind, or

from. The accumulation of sexual tension, produced by abstinence or by sexual frustration. Freud never told what else he did with himself, besides analyzing his dreams, but after this session with Jung he was never again troubled with phantom heart attacks or any other phobias.

Before Freud came along, the most popular explanation for phobias was that they were engendered in offspring or fetus when their mothers were frightened by a mouse, cat, dog, or whatever fearful object. Even the great seventeenth-century French philosopher Descartes subscribed to this simple bit of folklore. "For

[illegible]

emotions of the mother and the child in her womb, so that what ever is displeasing to one offends the other."

The same explanation was offered by the French surgeon Le Camus to partially excuse the strange behavior of King James I of England. The King, who became hysterical whenever he saw a sword or unsheathed sword, Le Camus claimed, inherited the condition

[illegible]

This theory was scoffed at as ridiculous by native-born Americans

[illegible]

people who feared being buried alive. One of Freud's disciples, an American psychiatrist named Bernard Lewin, came up with a wonderful solution to this riddle in 1936.

Contrary to what they themselves said, claustrophobics, Lewin concluded, actually feared small, enclosed places. They reminded them of floating in the womb. What they feared was

[illegible]

And what was the fearful object [Hall's dog-a-boo], of course. The anxiety appears to be linked," [illegible] Lewin, "to fear of being dislodged from the womb by parental enemies, be the father's

[illegible]

has for about 2500 years. Hippocrates himself first introduced the concept back in 450 B.C. in a discourse on men "who feared

[illegible]

flute players would frighten him; as soon as he heard the first note of the flute at a banquet, he would be beset by terror. What

[illegible]

the body's "melancholic" humor. The black stuff, explained Hip

[illegible]

Today's medical scientists would most likely blame phobic symptoms on an excess of dopamine. One of about forty neurohumors in the body, dopamine is produced deep inside the brain

[illegible]

with surgically implanted electrodes. The results: fear and flight, fear and defense, fear and rage.

The grand rush of fear that phobics experience is strictly dopaminergic, scientists feel, and they speculate that dopamine abnormalities may also be implicated in everything else from sleep disturbances to schizophrenia. Until they come up with a dopamine antidote, however, doctors are likely to continue prescribing Valium for their phobic patients.

Of course, some folks get off on dopamine rushes. Why else

[illegible]

some common phobias. Think about it. Thrills and other manifestations, [illegible] your agoraphobic great white sharks, were schizoph

[illegible]

there's anything new in this. A century ago, Edgar

[illegible]

countless warning out side- dopamine freaks love this sort of thing

[illegible]

queasiness grips their stomachs. It's very [illegible] when a full-fledged phobic feels while facing down a mouse

[illegible]

ened almost to death by them are mysteries even the geniuses of

[illegible]

stand, best occupational therapy, group therapy, [illegible] therapy and even acupuncture have been used over the last few

[illegible]

Favorite Phobias

[illegible] fear of [illegible]

Ecclesiophobia—fear of [illegible]
Erotophobia—fear of sex
Gamophobia—fear of marriage
Gynophobia—fear of women

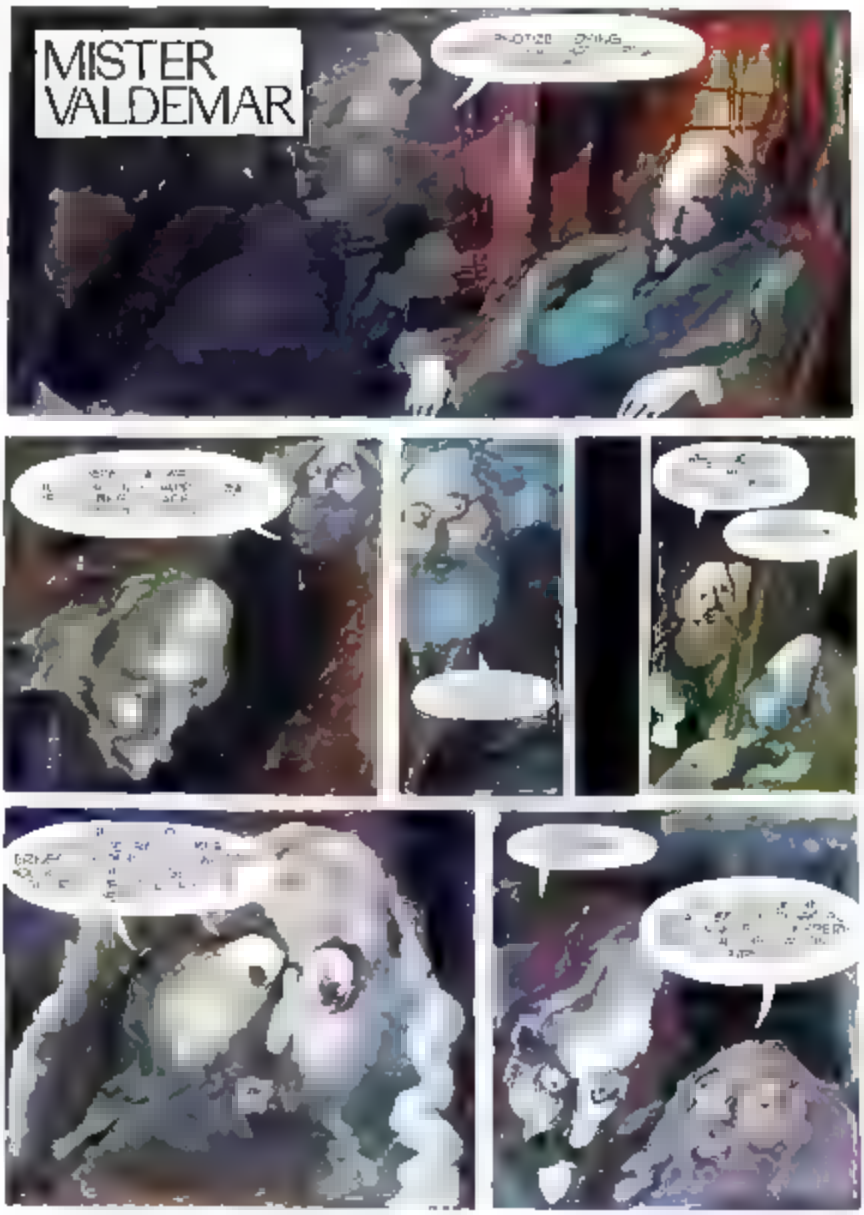
[illegible] fear of [illegible]

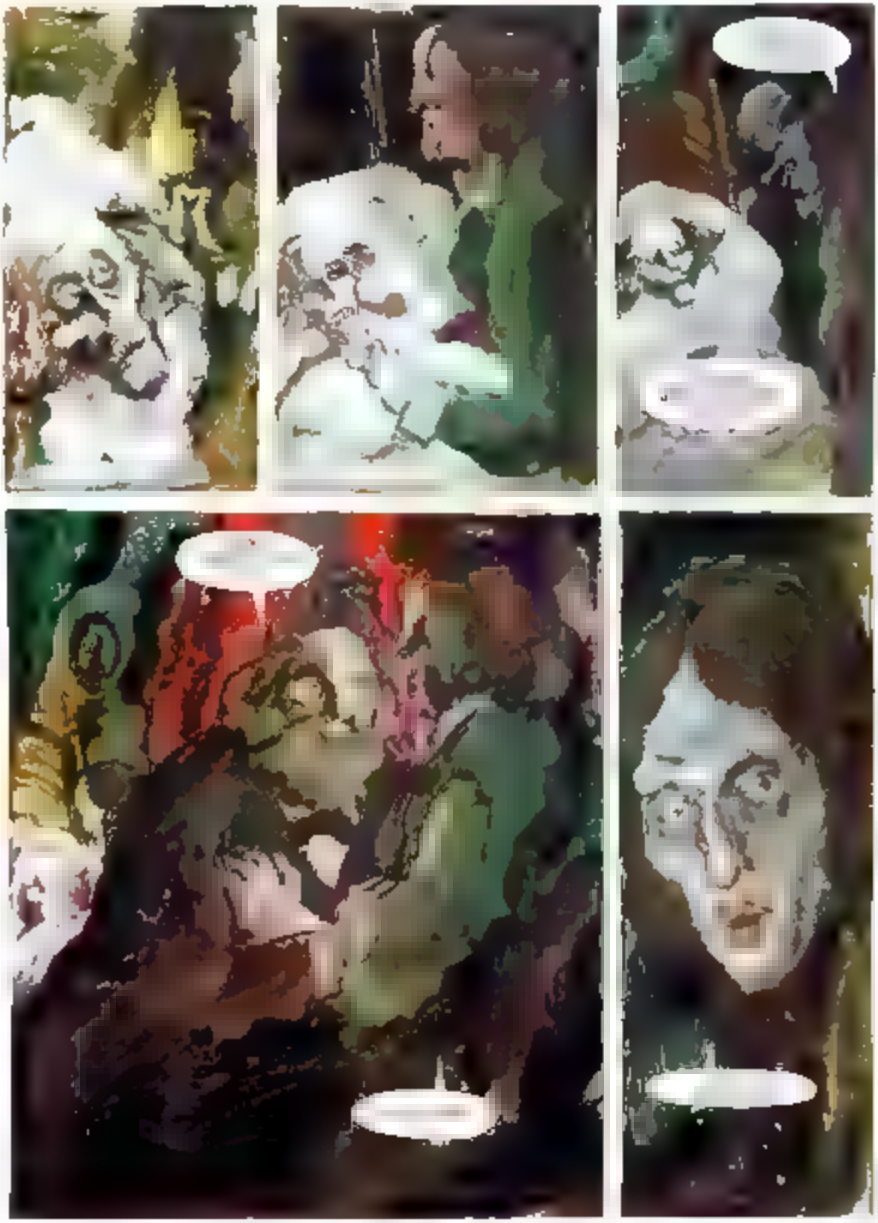
Phobophobia—fear of being afraid
Proctophobia—fear of rectal disease
Spermatophobia—fear of sperm [illegible]

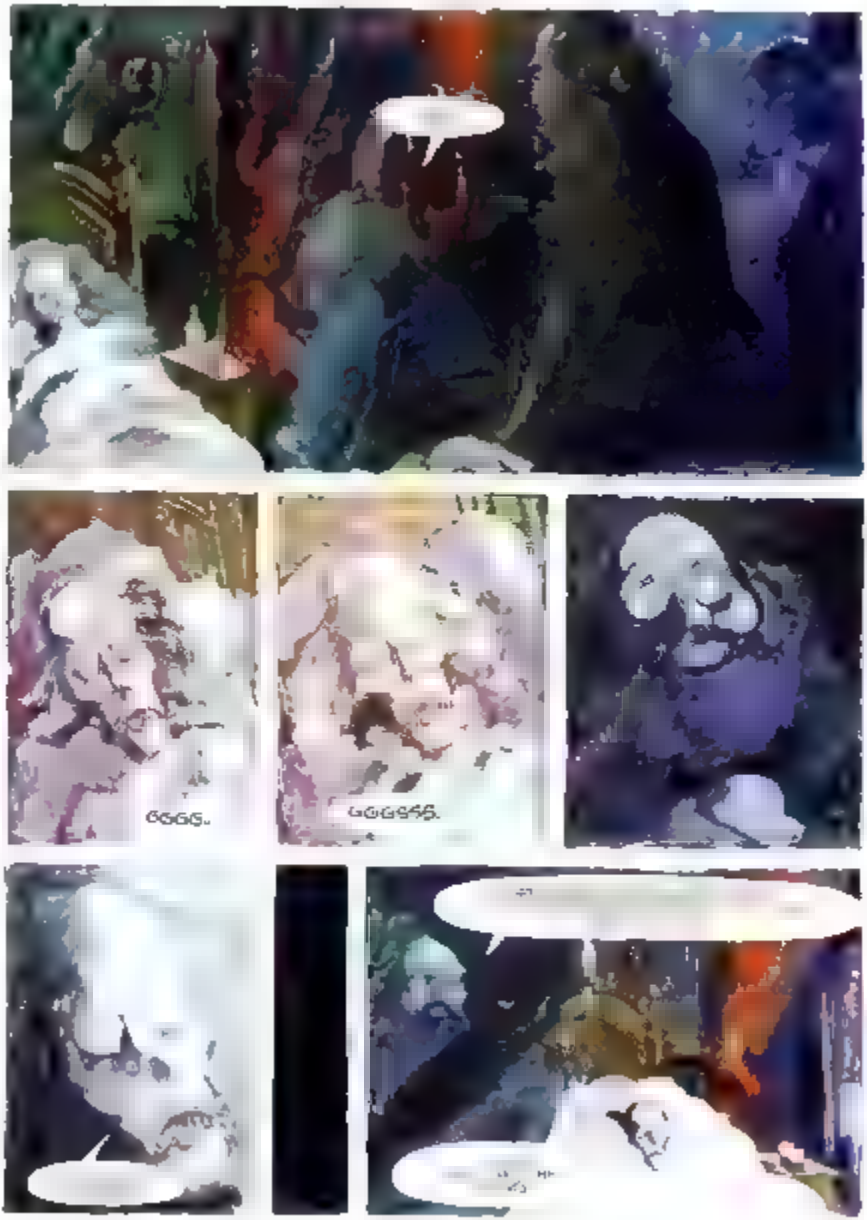
[illegible] fear of [illegible]

[illegible] fear of [illegible]

[illegible] fear of [illegible]


MISTER
VALDEMAR

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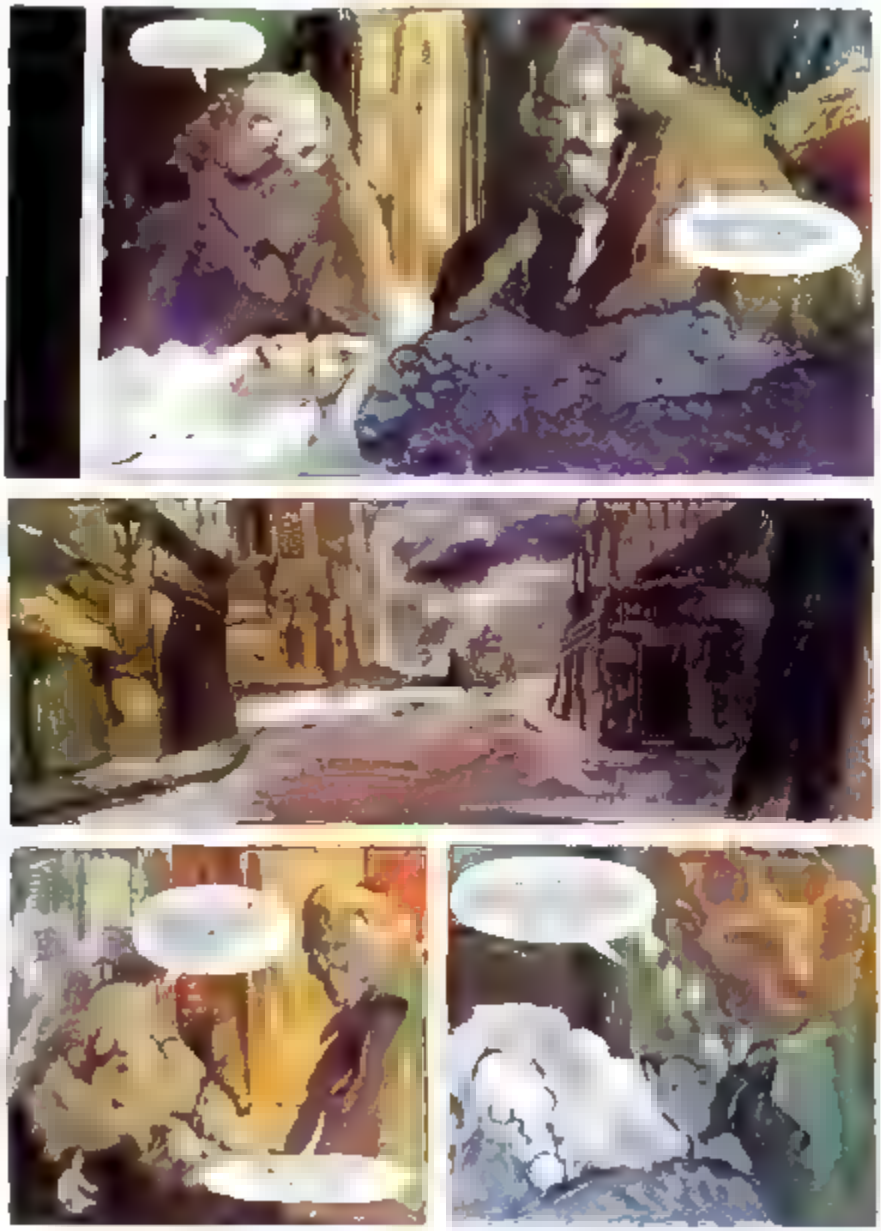
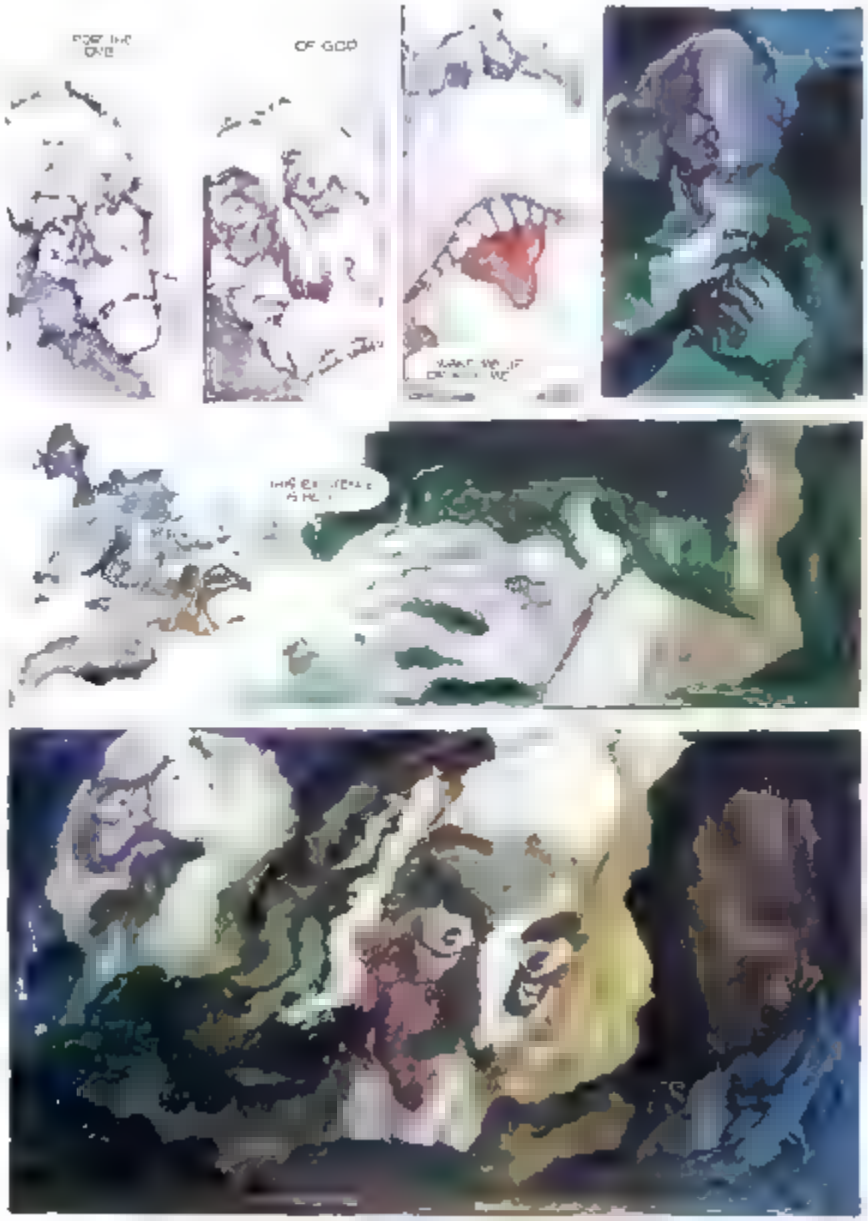
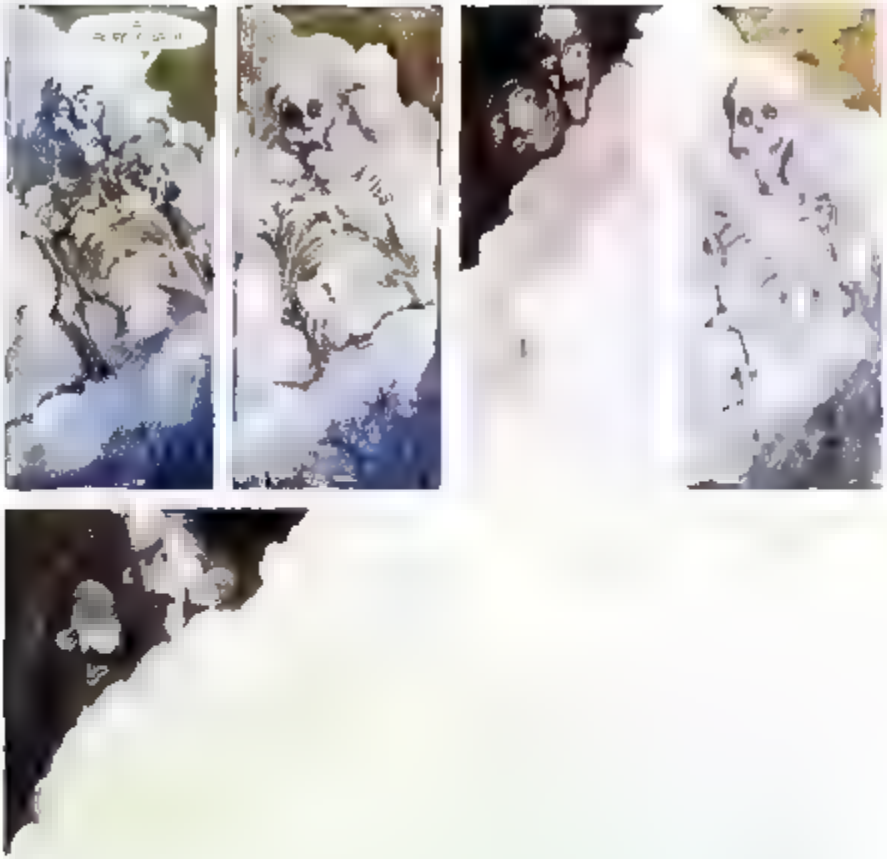
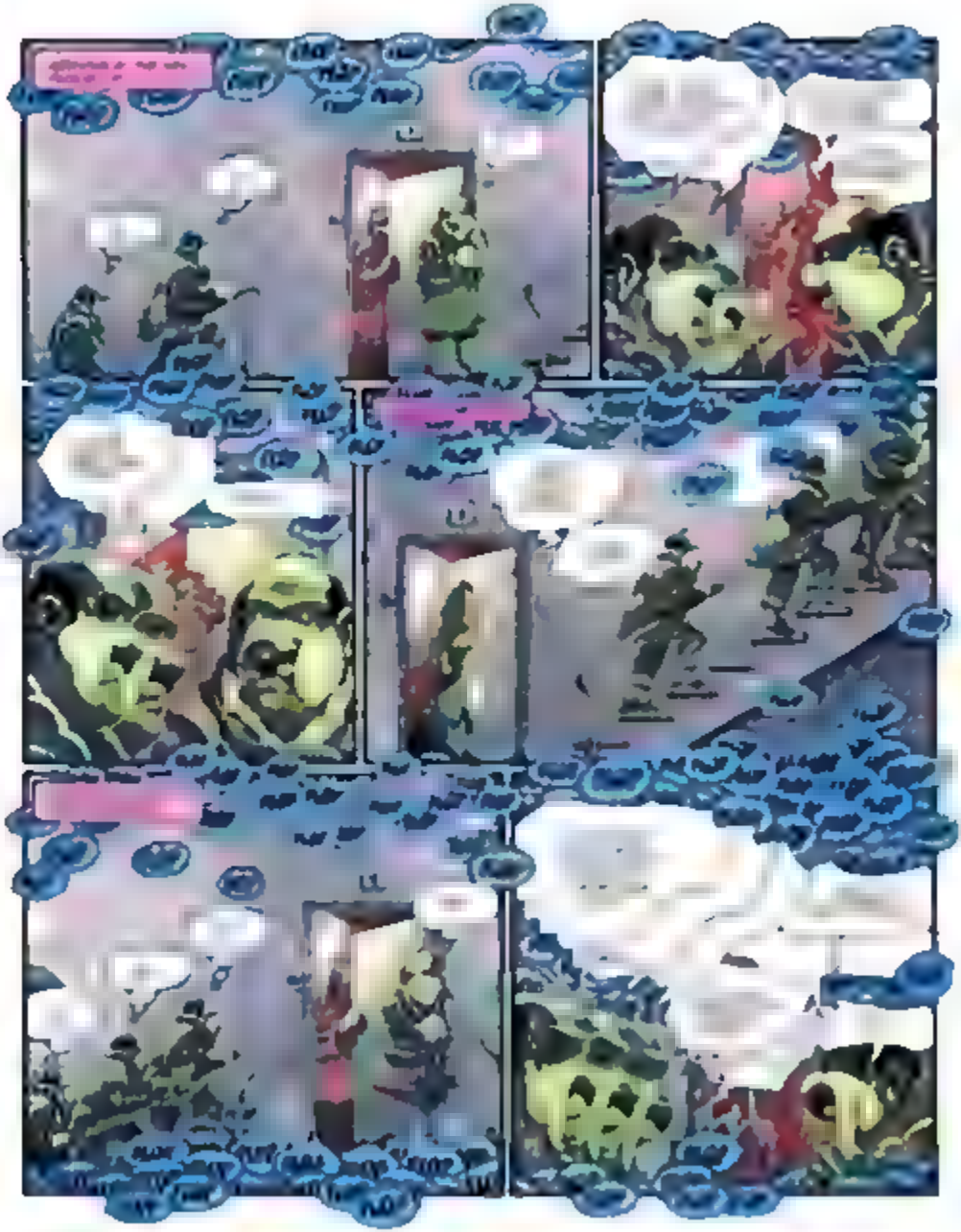
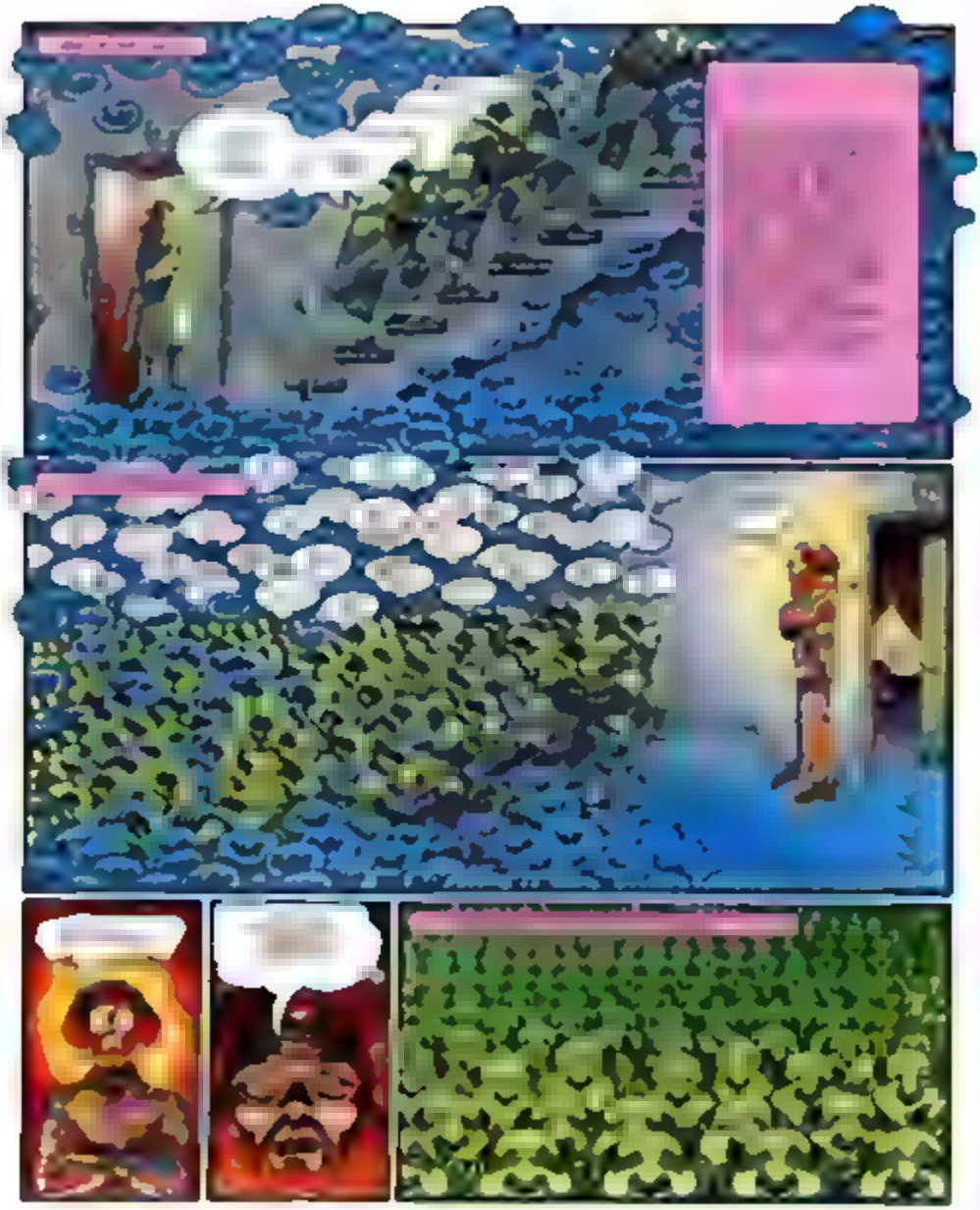



FOR THE
LOVE
OF GOD



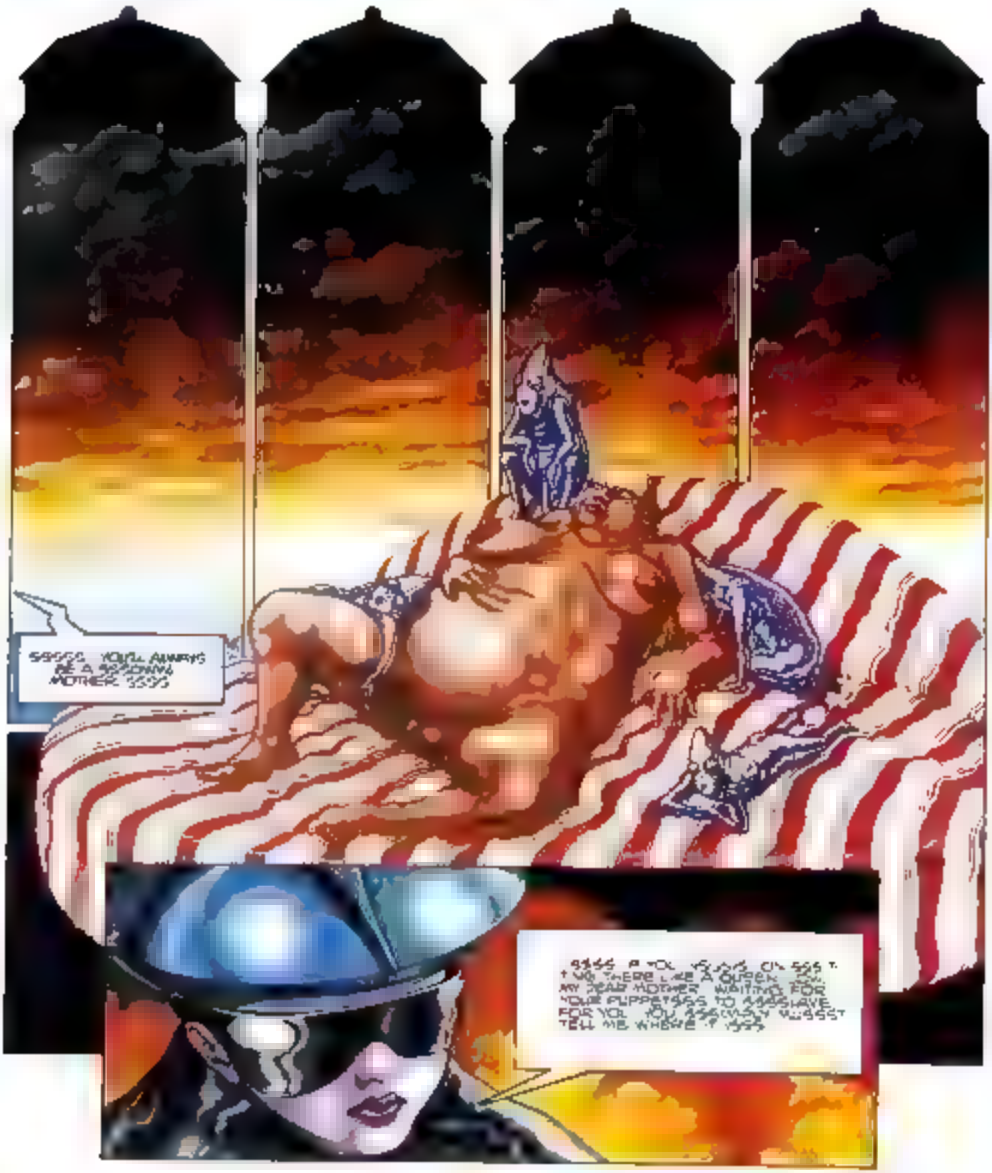
the blind flock

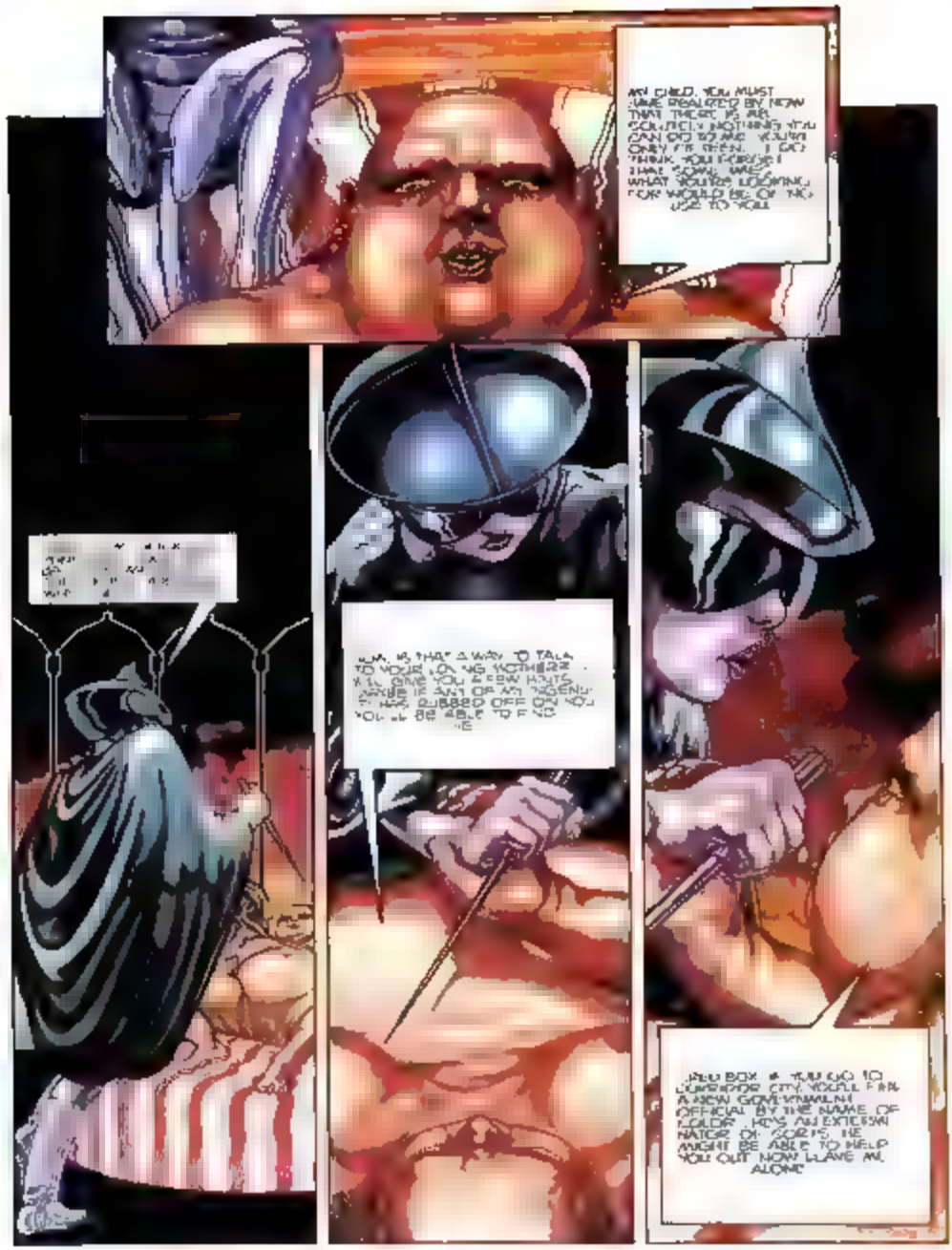


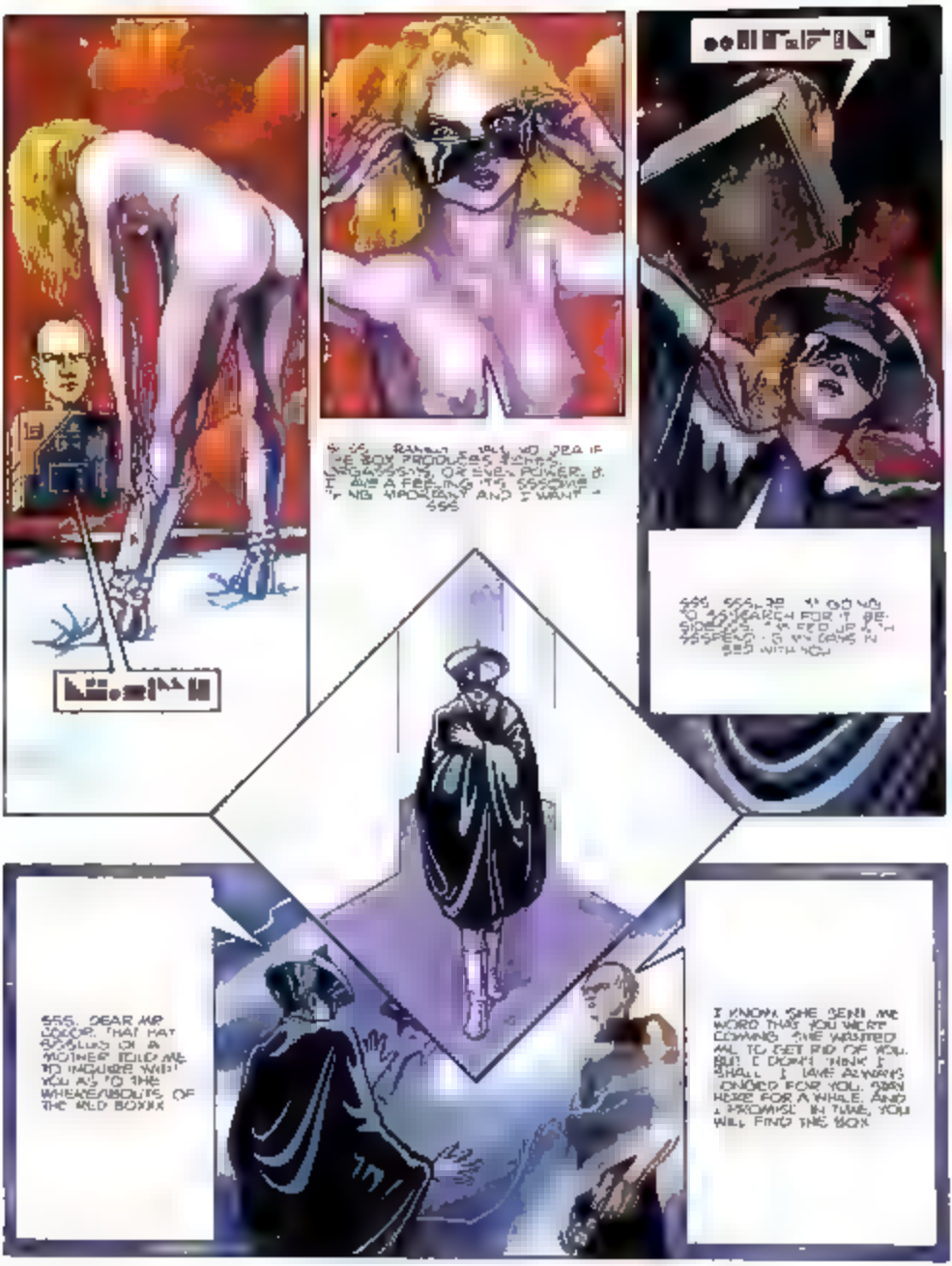


-S INS
UNDERSTOOD?

COLOR LINE


SSSSS... YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A SCREAMING MOTHER SSSS
SSSS... IF YOU WANT ON SSS T. I'VE BEEN LIKE A SUCKER SSS. MY DEAR MOTHER... WAITING FOR YOUR PUPPETEERS TO ARRIVE FOR YOU. YOU ASSHOLE WASSST TELL ME WHERE IT WAS


AH CHILD, YOU MUST HAVE REALIZED BY NOW THAT THERE IS AS COMPLETELY NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME. YOUR ONLY PURPOSE... I DO THINK, YOU FORGOT I HAVE SOME USE WHAT YOUR LEGENDS FOR WOULD BE OF NO USE TO YOU.
HA, IS THAT A WAY TO TALK TO YOUR LOVING MOTHER? I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW HOURS ALONE IF ANY OF MY TRAINING HAS RUBBED OFF ON YOU YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND
YOU BOY, YOU GO TO GOTHAM CITY YOU'LL FIND A NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL BY THE NAME OF BATMAN. HE'S AN EXTERNAL NATOR OF SORTS. HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE


SSS. DEAR MR LOCKE. THAT MAY BE CLUES OF A MOTHER TOLD ME TO INQUIRE WHO YOU ARE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE RED BOXXX
I KNOW SHE SENT ME WORD THAT YOU WERE COMING. SHE WANTED ME TO GET RID OF YOU. BUT I DON'T THINK I SHALL. I HAVE ALWAYS LONGED FOR YOU. BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE. AND I PROMISE IN TIME, YOU WILL FIND THE BOX

SSSHUAT. I'LL ASSSWAY WITH YOU, BUT FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE THE BOX IS
IT IS IN THE HANDS OF AN OLD DWARF WHO LIVES IN THE DESERT OF THE GREAT LAKE. BUT I HAVE NO NEED FOR IT
YOU HAVE ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR IT!
A BIG SPELL
STATION STOP DESERT OF THE GREAT LAKE

I MUST KEEP
MY ONLY HOLD ON REALITY

FIN

NOWDDIE'S IN THE BURNOUT BELT

TOSS AND FLOUNDER IN THE WAKE
CLASSIFIED:
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?
PAMPHLET XPLAINS ALL!
$10.INFO BOX M
WHERE CAN I GET TEN BUCKS?
CONFUSION DOES A SUCKER MAKE
MELLOW
MELLOW MELLOW
MELLOW MELLOW
MELLOW MELLOW
FRIENDS WERE CHANGED, THEN SLIPPED AWAY
HEH IT THE RAP HAVE
SITTA OUTTA THESE JERKS
WERE BIGGER THAN OUR JERK DAD

THROUGH HIS NIGHT SHIFT BEWILDERMENTS ROAM
?
CLEAN UP THAT MESS THEN COME ON, MR TALLYMAN, TALLY ME BANANA
DAYLIGHT COME AND HE WANT GO HOME
SWEET JESS FORGETTING ALL THE RULES
BUT BABY! MM LOVE CAN DO YOU NO HARM
I'M SORRY EDDIE
THIS TRICK IS A FINISH!
NOW FADES HER HEAT IN THE CLUTCH OF FOOLS

THE RIVER RUNS AN UNKNOWN COURSE
WHEN THE FOUNTAIN FAILS, YOU TRY THE SOURCE
HEY, MA PA! YOU IN THERE ?
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE? GIMME A BREAK
WOOF
I HAD PLANS THEN EVERYTHING GOES WITH POP!
BUT THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER
FATHER'S WORLD IN A JUNKMAN'S CART
CLANG
MONTHS AGO IT STOPPED HIS HEART

AND FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, MOMMA'S ALWAYS BEEN READY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT SON?
BUT NOW SHE JUST WORRIES ABOUT HER EDDIE
THE END

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS DOWN THERE?
LET'S GO SEE
I DON'T KNOW
EXIT
UH,
WHO'S GO-ING FIRST?
NOT ME
ENJOY YOU GO FIRST
ME WAY ME. MAKE I ALWAYS GO FIRST
COME ON NOW. WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
GO ON
SLAM
CLICK

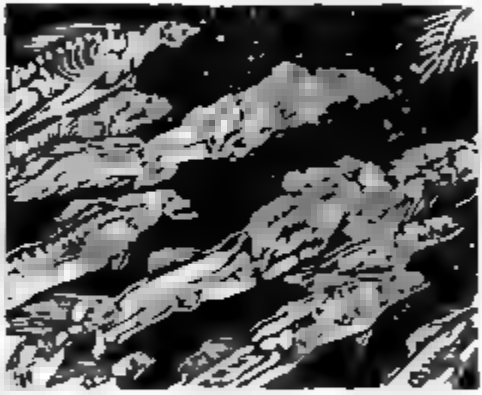
SNICKER
HEY YOU GUYS CUT IT OUT COME ON
OPEN UP ET ME ON
OH!
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
OUCH! DAMN!
EXIT

BANG! BANG! BANG!
SOUNDS LIKE HE'S BACK
YEAH BETTER GET HIM OUT
MAN, YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SEEN
END

...THE HAND THAT FEEDS...

EVIL-EYED CAT SAT CROUCHING, STILL,
SAT SLOUCHING, LURKING, WAITING 'TIL
OLD TIRED MASTER SHOULD COME HOME
OLD TIRED STEP UPON THE STAIR

AND SITTING SO, BORED, RISTY, WAITING,
BITTER MINUTES DRAGGING, HATING,
CAME TO KITTY SUCH A THOUGHT,
AS BROUGHT A SMILE HIS WICKED MOUTH



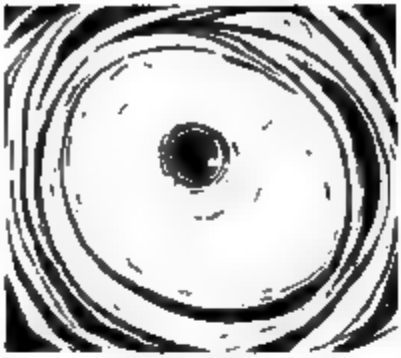
AN EVIL THOUGHT, DELICIOUS PONDER,
ENTERTAINED AND DWELT UPON, THE
HUNTER TICKING, TICKING BY,
AND KITTY MEANER EVERY MINUTE

SITTING SO, HALF HYPNOTIZED,
HALF CRAZY FIX IN DEMON EYES,
WHEN WHO SHOULD HOPPER HOME FROM JOBBING,
WEARY, DIRTY, TIRED, HUNGRY?

WHO SHOULD ENTER, EYELIDS DROOPING,
HEAVY FOOTED, SHOULDERS STOOPING,
HALF ASLEEP AND SCARCELY NOTING
KITTY CROUCHING IN THE HALL?

SOMBER MASTER, UNAWARE,
HIS EVIL-EYED CAT'S VICIOUS STAKE,
AND NEVER SAW THE WICKED EYE,
TRANSFIXED AND AIMING HEAVY UPON HIM,

NEVER SAW ONE FIERY EYE,
IGNITE, AT ONCE INTENSELY,
TO BRIGHTEN SUDDEN, BRILLIANT WHITE,
TO BLAZE UPON HIM UNRESTRAINED.



WITH ALL THE FORCE OF YEARS OF HATING,
ENDLESS HOURS PASSED AWAITING,
TIRED MASTER'S TIRED STEP
BEFORE HIS SUPPER COULD BE HAD.

AND SORRY MASTER, HOME FROM WORKING,
COULD NOT GUESS THE DANGER LURKING,
NEVER STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST
THE FORCE OF KITTY'S EVIL GLARE.

HE STIFFENED SUDDEN, GAVE A START,
AN ICY PAIN CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART,
AND SAW NOR FELT HE NOTHING MORE,
BUT DROPPED STONE DEAD UPON THE FLOOR.

AND NOW BITE KITTY, SATISFIED,
SMUG, GLOATING, SMIRKING, FULL OF PRIDE,
TO SEE OLD MASTER SO UNDONE,
HIS RIGID CORPSE STRETCH ON THE FLOOR.

BUT TIME WILL FIND OUR KITTY SCHEMING,
WHISKERS TWITCHING, STOMACH GROWLING,
HUNGRY FOR A BIT OF FLESHER,
LOCKED BEHIND THE CUPBOARD DOOR,
AND MASTER WITH THE ONLY KEY.

END

WORDS: ANTHONY STONIER
PRINTS: PETER KUPER
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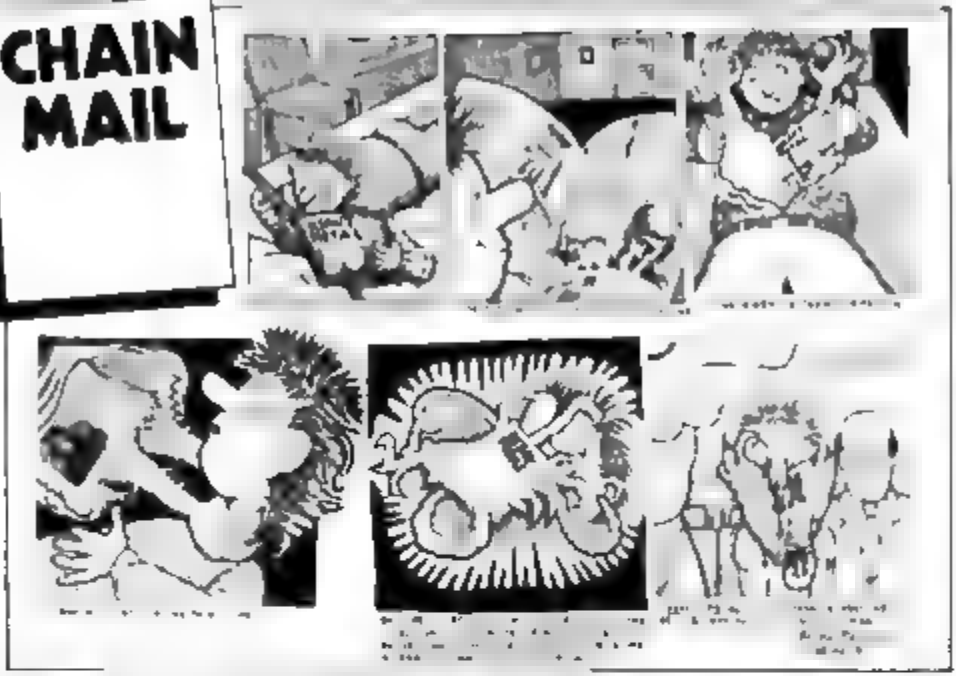
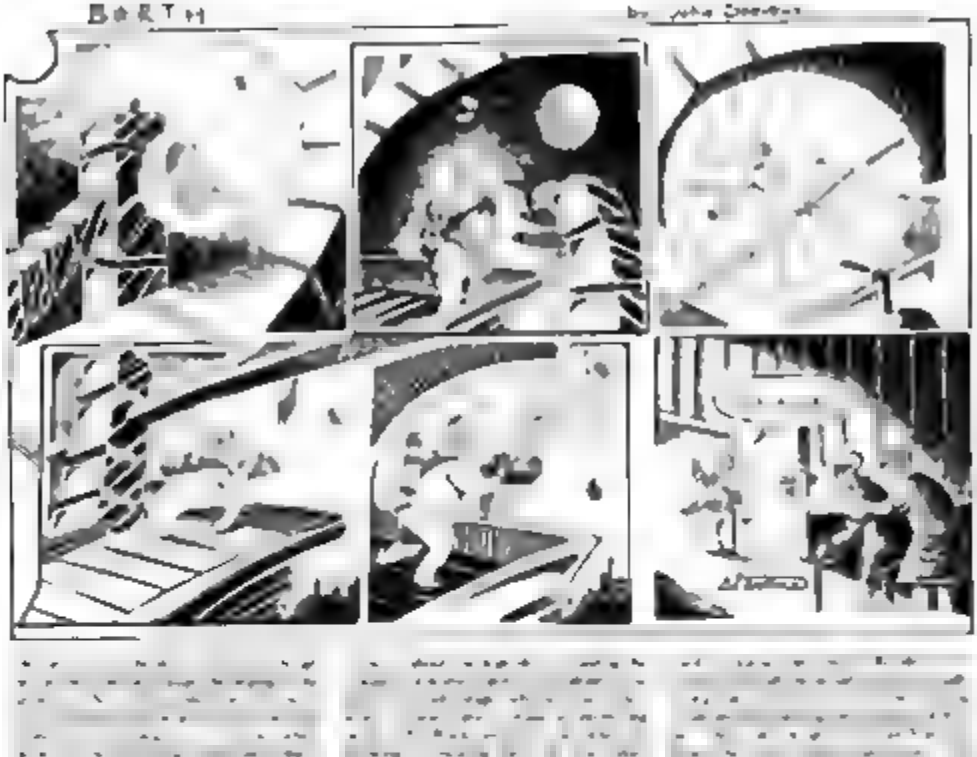
CHAIN MAIL




BIRTH
by John Stanley

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The Third Sexual Revolution
Part Three:
The Secret Tradition: The History of Transcendent Eroticism

by David Black

Every night, the initiation ceremonies go on," a poet once told me. She is now well-known, but ten years ago when we had this conversation she was not yet famous. And she was obsessed by the fantasy that art was a witches' coven. One was literally chosen, inducted, and given the gift of creation. "They take you to a grove, the Sacred Grove, and there you meet the Muse."

We were at a writers' conference. We were both young. And we were both ambitious. For her, ambition was the struggle for, not money, not fame, but glory. Meeting the Muse would connect her to a glorious tradition, a club that existed outside of time. She talked like someone in *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, someone who wanted to be a pod but had been passed over. Or, more poignantly, like the crippled child who, at the end of *The Pied Piper*, is left behind when all the other children vanish with the piper through the moun-

You can tell when she's near," she said. "Your hands get cold, the hair on the back of your neck stands up."

According to the poet, the presence of the Muse creates a sense of awe, a preternatural hush, a sharp-edged coolness—and she sets

perceptions for their art. Poetry is a meteor. Poetry causes a stubble of grass beard. Poetry blows the top of your head off. Poetry begins with homesickness for a home you've never had.

All true. Most people have had the experience. You read some thing—and it can be almost anything: poetry, a virulent sonnet, can affect even chaste prose; movies, even an advertisement that unexpectedly reveals the fever of its creators—and such extremity you sense. Your hair does stand on end.

And the reaction can come not just from reading or looking at art or listening to music, or watching a play or a dance program; all

I first felt a moment when I was twelve years old. I was paddling a canoe

morning of puberty or an encounter with something uncanny. But, as in most situations like this, the question of whether the event had an external or natural, objective or subjective reality is not the most

will. If the poet wanted to call it the Muse, her description reveals

trying to describe. The state she was trying to describe is the same

Years after my encounter with the Nameless, I found a word to describe the experience one frequently used by C. G. Jung in describe moments of exalted spirituality: numinous. And, after taking various drugs, I've sometimes approximated the sensation; but that summer day in the canoe was an unadulterated dose of what seemed and still in retrospect seems reality, a reality that, like Robert Frost's description of poetry, left me with a feeling of homesickness

from humankind's early ancestors to today. Because humans are relatively hairless now, the tendency for hair to stand on end

response. You can still see it when a cat bristles at an enemy, real or unwanted. The unknown is threatening. Early humans probably bristled at the unknown the way cats bristle at shadows. And, long after we began calling the unknown God—or the Muse or ghosts or UFOs—we still bristle. Our hair still stands on end. It's our way of

"The reason why the hairs stand on end, the eyes water, the

most nearly an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fruits and beer, the female spider or queen bee whose embrace is death. Robert Graves wrote of *The White Goddess*, "entrance Brooks 1948). He also said, "I cannot think of any poet from Homer onwards who has not undergone death, succeeded by experience of her."

According to Graves, all poetry—true poetry—have a single theme. The theme is perhaps the most ancient story. The birth, life

and the God of the Waning Year—from midsummer to the year's

stuff—what is also his brothers and shadows self. These three main

long time this explanation satisfied me. Admittedly, it do

eye: an eyebrow curves a glow by making a familiar

cake, run the shower.

When I started the research that led to the first article in this

I found myself barking into the old questions about art and colorso and the unconscious. The Muse

cious, when they're meditating or praying.

The answer was as obvious as the pictures. They were working

The purpose of pornography and of all the erotic nude and sem

Historically, extended sexual time has nearly always been a

within enough to those created by art, drugs, or encounters with the

nearly every culture and tradition has a female nature. Mother,

reason why this practice has been passed down from generation to

Or rather: Not because it is necessarily sinister.

Because of the opposition of the Church, the tradition of sexual transcendence has frequently been linked to beliefs hostile to Christianity—heretical beliefs of Satanic and Satanic. Evil has attached itself to transcendental sex like dust to a raindrop. And certainly one thread leading back through the history of sexual transcendence is Devil-tied. Even in our secular age much of the iconography of pornography is drawn from Hellish images: from the cute imp's tail that is the trademark of one sex-toy company to *The Devil in Miss Jones* (half a century ago, Aleister Crowley nicknamed The Great Beast) was using transcendent sexuality or sex magic along

the sinister tradition, while others intermixed with the traditions of

There are in fact many related threads that can be followed in such

e from here: the present, to there; the past; and as with tele- ohone wires sometimes through induction, the information being carried along one wire jumps over onto another.

But roughly the line goes from Pietro Retreni (as the most famous example of the third post-World War II sexual revolution) back through a system of sex without orgasm called Karezza, developed by a Chicago doctor named Alice Stockham around the turn of the century, through Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder of the eighteenth-century British orgiastic society called the Hellfire Club who like Aleister Crowley confused evil with eroticism, through some seventeenth-century followers of the mystic Jacob Boehme, through some sixteenth-century followers of the alchemist Paracel-

who wrote that the passions of Heaven can be guessed at by experiencing the passions of earth and that the problem with sexual

classical pagan mysteries of lived their philosophy. Botticelli's and Michelangelo's works are elaborate codes, revealing and hiding how mysteries at the same time. And Petrarch

perfection of Woman) and finally of Divine Woman (the Great God-

s love the Great Goddess meant to die—to die and be reborn

their climax in heaven (quoted as Edgar Wind describes it in *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance*, Faber and Faber, 1958), "an ecstatic union with the god which was experienced by the neophyte as an initiation into death. And as Christianity's believer could like Paul wish to die and be absorbed into Christ. "The land of death was named the kiss," Wind said. The kiss that Graves's spider-Muse

From the Renaissance the trail leads to the twelfth century, to the troubadours, the source of all European poetry who sang of perpetually unsatisfied love and who may have been bards of the Cathcrn Church. The troubadours practiced *L'Assag*, the trial, a form of woman worship in which a man would contemplate the beauty of his beloved—sometimes when she was naked, sometimes when they both were naked. But they would not make love.

It is easy to see how modern pornography—in which a man enters on the image of a naked woman who is for him physically unattainable—is a debased form of courtly love. Courtly love refined the agonies of those who practiced it. Keeping the laws of the flesh enabled men to free their souls from the confines of matter and escape into the world of pure light, which in earthly terms is death but in spiritual terms is eternal life. The greater the sensual, the greater the temptation. The greater the temptation, the greater the resistance. The greater the resistance, the greater the spiritual transformation. The souls of the believers, freed of the prison of their bodies, returned to God. The Cathars had had at last the love of peace. And, although women were the last Satan used to snare souls, the Cathars believed—according to Denis de Rougemont in *Love in the Western World* (Anchor, 1957)—in "a feminine principle held to have pre-existed material creation. To the woman who

symbol of the pure saving light. The Great Goddess as whore and mother. Women represented both temptation (and potential damnation) and salvation if temptation was resisted.

De Rougemont connects the troubadours and the Cathars and

strand back to an invading tribe of Great Goddess worshipers from Greece, the Danaans, who civilized (or only the Celts but, through

Manichaeism, founded by Mani in the third century A.D. was

lends back through Judaism to Ashtoreth, the Great Goddess who pervaded over the Hebrews from about 750 to 500 B.C. and who may have preceded Jehovah and had been displaced by Him in

B.C.'s two forces, Light and Dark, fight for power in creation. The spirit of light that ultimately triumphs, Ahura Mazdah or Ormazd, was a threefold god that married and displaced the threefold Great

ultism. Mystery Cults that find their roots in worship of Dance, the Great Goddess of the Danaans (who civilized the Greeks, Hebrews, and Celts). The web is woven in a complex pattern, but all strands lead back to the spider-Goddess at the center. Graves's Muse whose embrace is death."

The Great Goddess is the principle of life, the eternal female who bore children—apparently miraculously in the days before humans understood the relationship between sex and procreation. Her embrace is death because she is also Mother Earth who takes back the dead—which then decomposes to produce new life, the cycle of death and rebirth that the eternal theme plays out over and over again. Fragments of her worship and of the sacrificial rituals used magically to keep the cycle of death and rebirth spinning have filtered down to the present as debased forms, many pathological: bestiality, sadism and masochism, scatology, etc. These various urges, like pedals on a machine which no longer connect to anything, what really useless. Other impulses from the past encounter with his or her Muse in the original attempt to use sensuality to break through some

Goddess worship, but these impulses are not vicious. They are simple racial memories, primitive clues that can never be more than half kept. Those who consciously try to keep the tradition of transcendent sexuality alive—modern Tantrists and their Western equivalents—are doomed to die an out of context, which changes their

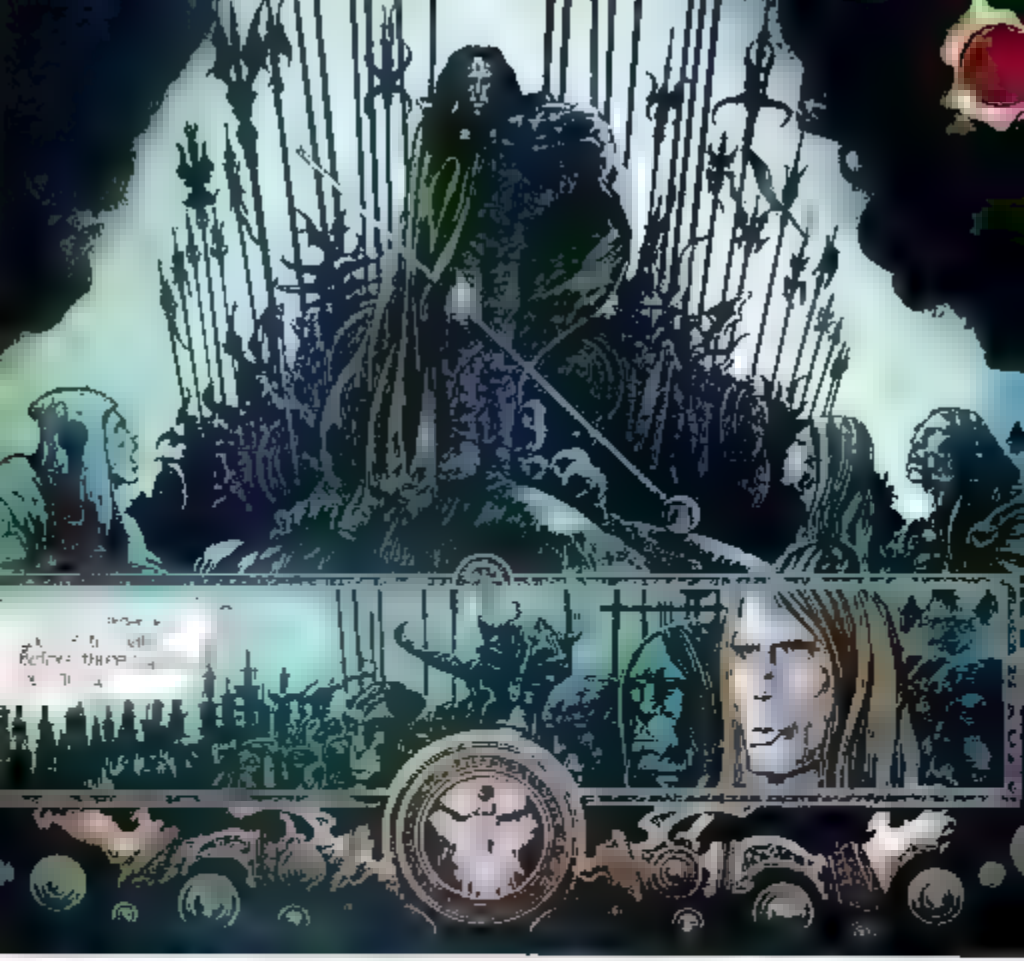
But the secret tradition of sexual transcendence has been suppressed many times in the past and subsequently has erupted in an orthodox form. Courtly love became manners. Great Goddess worship became the cult of the Virgin Mary. The tradition now is apparently seeking new expression. The third post-World War II sexual revolution, described in the first part of this series, is one of

Although it is secular, it offers some of the consolations of the transcendent. Depending on point of view, this revolution may be

walls separating the women (who must on duty) and the men (who skip in and out) look like confessionals. Or that Larry Lyonsan, presumably unaware of the roots of modern sexual transcendence, that go back to Neoplatonism, called his swingers club Plato

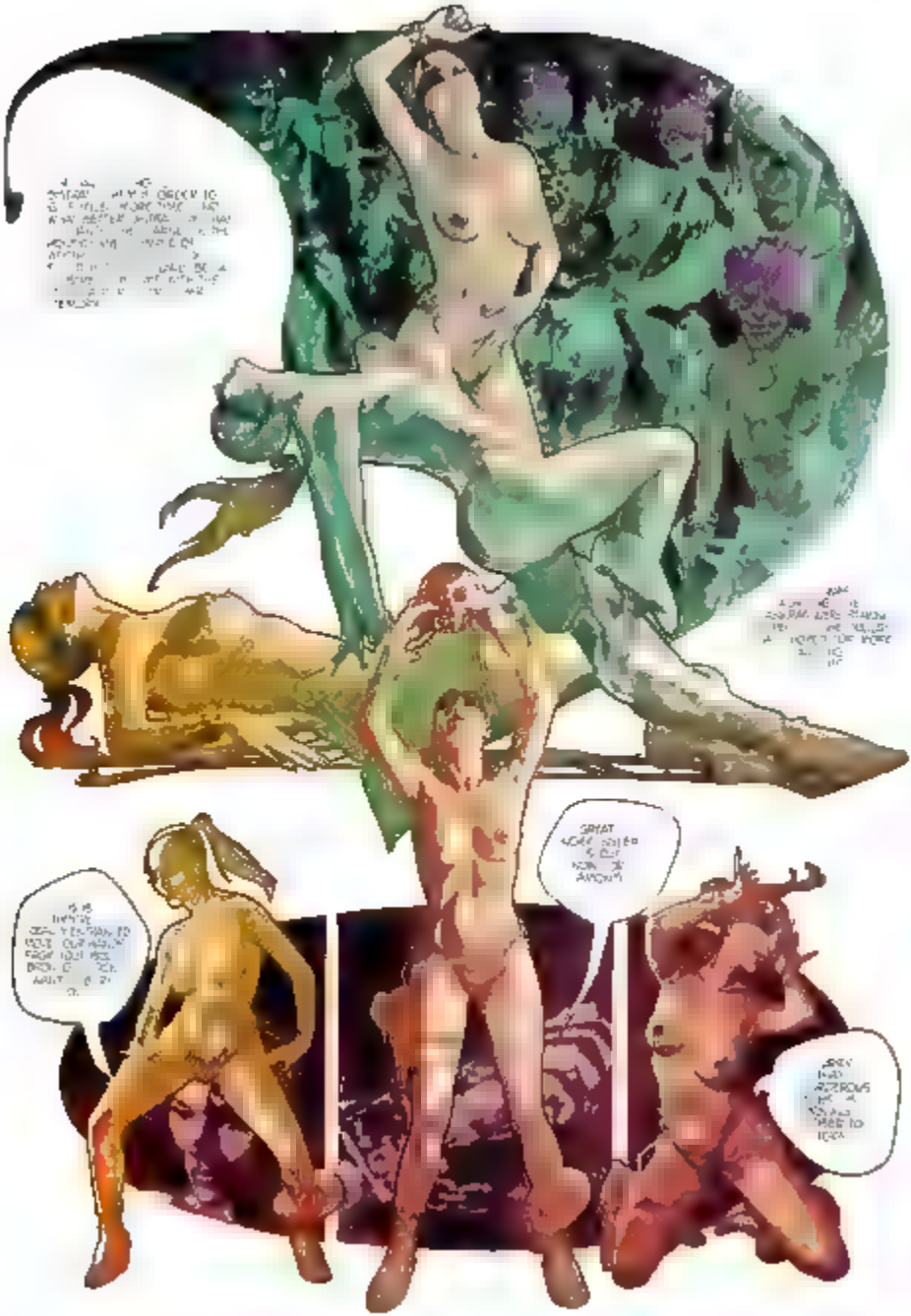
YRAGAEZ

BY PIERRE DUBUET



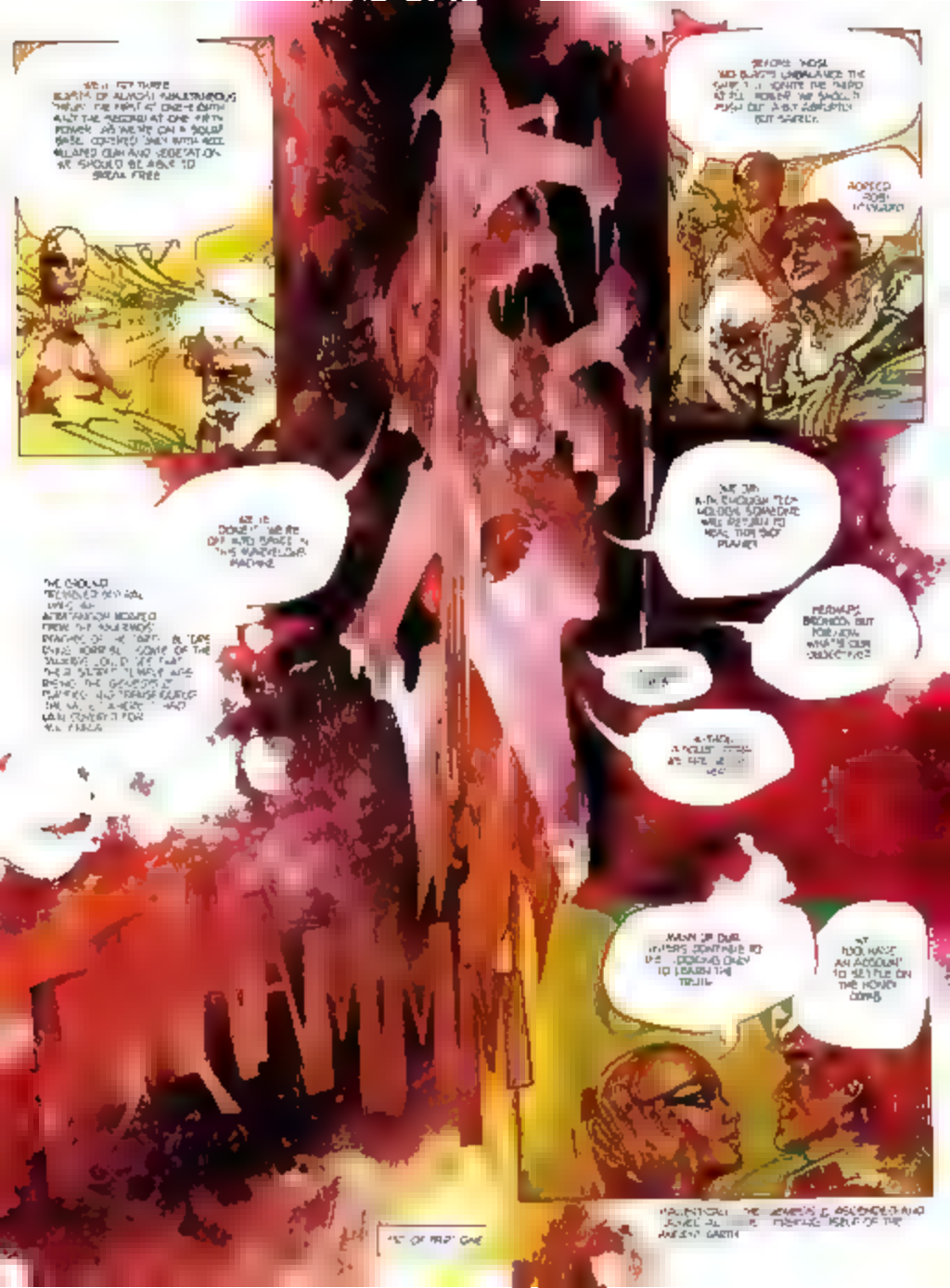
to spare our lives, in order that the city should be wholly dismembered protect your ships, Mongelit. They may have to spend the winter and another summer but when [illegible] comes the living islands will be motionless, the seaweed as peaceful as a prairie and the ape is extinguished for all these things I shall have paid [illegible] dear

ZORA


GREAT
NOW YOU'VE
GOT
YOUR
ANSWER!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR MESSAGE HIJACKED!
GAME ON! PLAYERS TAKE THE SIGNAL

GEE! IT'S OPEN!


WE'LL GET THERE SOONER OR ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY WHEN THE FIRST OF ONE'S EARTH AND THE RECORD AT ONE WITH POWER AS WE'RE ON A SOLID BASE, CONTROL SHIP WITH ADDL MILLARD CLEAN AND REGENERATION WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE
BEFORE WE'LL WE BLAST UNBALANCE THE SHIP'S IGNITE THE WARP AT ALL POWER WE SHOULD PUSH OUT A BIT SMOOTHLY BUT SAFELY
ADMIRED JOB! I'M IMPRESSED
WE'LL DOUBLE WE'RE OFF INTO SPACE IN THIS MARVELOUS MACHINE
WE DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAL THEM BUT PLANET
PERHAPS BROADCAST BUT HOW ARE WHAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE?
THE CROWLED RECEIVED SIGNAL WAS AN ALTERNATION MODIFIED FROM THE NAVIGATIONS BEARING OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. ON THE SECOND PLANET WAS BEING THE GENERATION OF PLANETS. HIS FRIENDS ALREADY HAD CONTACT FOR THE PLACE
MAYBE WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO DECIDE ONLY TO LEARN THE TRUTH
IF YOU HAVE AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE ON THE HOMEWORLD
"MEANWHILE... THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIMEDES AND ANGEL CONTINUE. PRESENT HERE OF THE ANCIENT EARTH"
"END OF PART ONE"

THE VOYAGE OF
THOSE FORGOTTEN

GENERAL?

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 77 Russian astronauts Roger the bearded bubble! Con quering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77 Macedo's Rock biz highly praised Sheila be ginning of Devil's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more

#4/JULY 77 Ode of Moebius' Ar zach part of The Long Tomor row conclusion of Sunpol

#5/AUGUST 77 The saga of Polonius begins The Long To morrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius

#7/OCTOBER 77 Fiction by Theo dore Sturgeon Moebius' Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER 77 New Haitian Ethiopian fiction 9 color pages by Moe bius and Rimbaud conclusions to Polonius and World Apart

#9/DECEMBER 77 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Weir plus full color Corben Mace do Clavelous and Moebius

#10/JANUARY 78 Morrow illus trates Zelazny tale and Richard up date issues Conquering Armies concludes Den continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adven tures of Barbarella wraparound cover and artist spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH 78 Swashbuckling Orion debuts birthday of Grey Mouser more Barbarella Urm and Den

#13/APRIL 78 Our 1st annual sary issue A 30 page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella goes both while Den wraps up

#14/MAY 78 Jim he Mad wizard Bradbury Sul Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tops his hat

#15/JUNE 78 Corben introduces Sharkwrack Sul pendragon class More Than Human illustrated more Barbarella and the pilgrim of Hadrian

#16/JULY 78 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 resurrection of Druillet's Gail more Heliman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST 78 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER 78 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Golden debut of McKie's So Beau tiful and So Dangerous plus usual

#20 NOVEMBER 78 Twenty pages of the Beauty Chaykin Em pire from Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heliman's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER 78 The stock ing's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and 2 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22. JANUARY 79 Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes Gail plus McKie and Corben How much are you take?

#23/FEBRUARY 79 Galactic Geographic Starchart Cor ben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Beal and Macedo

#24/MARCH 79 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Superdown II and Ellison's radio show

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 79 It's all American issue kept for Druillet's Dance and a Proust joke! 15 entries including Corben Morrow the Illustrated Angel

#27/JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 79 Rodez's Zoetz premieres Corben's Sindbad con cludes Mark Hunge debuts

#29. AUGUST 79 Cara star's show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Gad grabber Bode more

#30/SEPTEMBER 79 Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and little Red V-3 along side Montalbar and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER 79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius Breccia Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER 79 Let's give thanks for Corben's Road Bode's Zoetz Brunner's Elric Chay kin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more

#33/DECEMBER 79 A Christmas package from Cara Corben Ka foed Suydam Shiel Tara Mow bius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants

#34/JANUARY 80 A new year new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's Road and much more

#35/FEBRUARY 80 An eerie Chaykin cover adorns this winter is sue Corben's The Beast of Wall ton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Mark How ard on a weird trip

#36/MARCH 80 Why did The Creature take Jeanette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Cor ben Mahfood Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations

#37/APRIL 80 Our 3rd annual sary issue 72 pages of Champa gne in living color Heavy installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage plus Cara Bode Howarth Corben Bode and more

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Jole ever find out? Will Chamaeleon reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? We'll never tell

#39/JUNE 80 Champakou meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY 80 The Alchemist Su preme continues Arzak learns truth about Sedelkich Mutter Beal's Prog ress begins and Moebius returns with Shore leave

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the Ultimatums of Solamn bo while Moebius concludes Shore leave and a marvelous Beal continues Progress!

#42/SEPTEMBER 80 The Al chemist Supreme concludes while Beal's Progress gears up steam Crime Color Paul Kirchner Leo Dil ando contribute nifty shorts while Rock Opera gets stranger yet

#43. OCTOBER 80 Our Special Rock issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius Vess Sean Druil let Vosatka Hé Howarth Kiefer gaard Ji Coon and Malerba and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER 80 With he Shogun spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is def initely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Corben Moeb us Kaluta Sampayo and Beal

#45/DECEMBER 80 Plumbing Corben's illustrated Bloodstar Creepy's valentine and Godard and Ribera's What's Reality Papa Plus The Curse of the Frog Rock Opera and Moebius

#46/JANUARY 81 Jeronimo returns with Woman Don Wood makes his HM debut with Gang Hah Plus more Corben Godard and Ribera Marazano and Rock Opera Moebius tells us There's a Prince Charming on Phenaon!

#47/FEBRUARY 81 William S Burroughs discusses Corben De fense while The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterdays in and an in terview with the man himself

#48/MARCH 81 The Arcana John Findley's epic Western be

Photocopy Back Issues

and 'What is Reality, Please?' and 'The Ambassador of the Shadows' continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic 'Salammbo' while Phil Harlan Elliott's new comedy epic 'Big Bill Invades America'.

#48/APRIL '82 'A' and 'M' Nazis Corben's Bloodstar. Di Manno's 'Good-bye Golden Man' by Alvin Schwartz. Simon Bisley's 'Sinister Spire' and an interview with John Bolton. Did I think we could do it in one short issue?

#49/MAY '82 Portraits of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bisley's 'The Immortals'. Plus 'The Guy Called The Toll Bridge' and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#50/JUNE '82 The 1st part of the Richard Corben adaptation of John Sladek's adaptation of Richard Matheson's 'The Funeral'. Howard's 'Changes' ends up. Plus Cecil Corbeil-Cleland analyzes Jean Wertham.

#52/JULY '82 Stephen King bares his teeth. The Best Ax Contributor Sienkiewicz's adaptation of Our Lord continues while Chris Wahl's futuristic pencil-pal ads are all up.

#53/AUGUST '82 Spread on the immortal Moebius' 3rd part of the 'Garden' section. Plus a 5-page pullout section on the early 'Heavy Metal' movie.

#54/SEPTEMBER '82 Corben's 'Den II'. Jan Jones's 'Im Age'. Juan Gimenez's 'Interlyment'. Is Tempton... and Tim Lucas's 'Interview with the Masters of Horror'.

#55/OCTOBER '82 'Shakespeare by Americans... at the mouth of Bogdalia's Mercenaries'. a gallery of: Ian Sandell's 'Druillet' plus Jeff Jones' 'Idol' and 'Sheherah'.

#56/NOVEMBER '82 Jean-Claude's 'Egg of the World'. Jeff Jones' 'Beggars and Bad Boys'. Chaykin's 'Art of Love and Death'. Dave Stevens' 'Rocketeer'.

#57/DECEMBER '82 Sharp as Chaykin's 'Dirty Money'. Jeffrey Jones' 'Beggars and Corben'. Plus odd endings in 'The Immortals'.

#58/JANUARY '83 Our Happy Future issue. Includes Arn Saba's 'Vets the Arc Days' and 'The Autocratous Man' by Dave Chute-on and Balbou. All surrounded by Chaykin and Sienkiewicz. Segarini's 'Sharks' et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '83 Begins with a further adventure of John Difool. 'The Incal' con. When and Chaykin's 'Bolton Fever' gets going again. P. ul Fernandez' 'Jones' Schuiten et al.

#60/MARCH '83 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's 'A Life in the Day'. a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Lee Garcia's 'Nose 7' begins. Elvin Mumby brings us the Elvis Cut. It's our regulars. Mentzenter. Corben. Rock Opera. et. Enjo.

#61/April '83 Our 5th Anniversary issue offers a variety of material. While each Classique. Druillet. Moebius. Bilal and an essay on J. G. Ballard you'll find many more. But!

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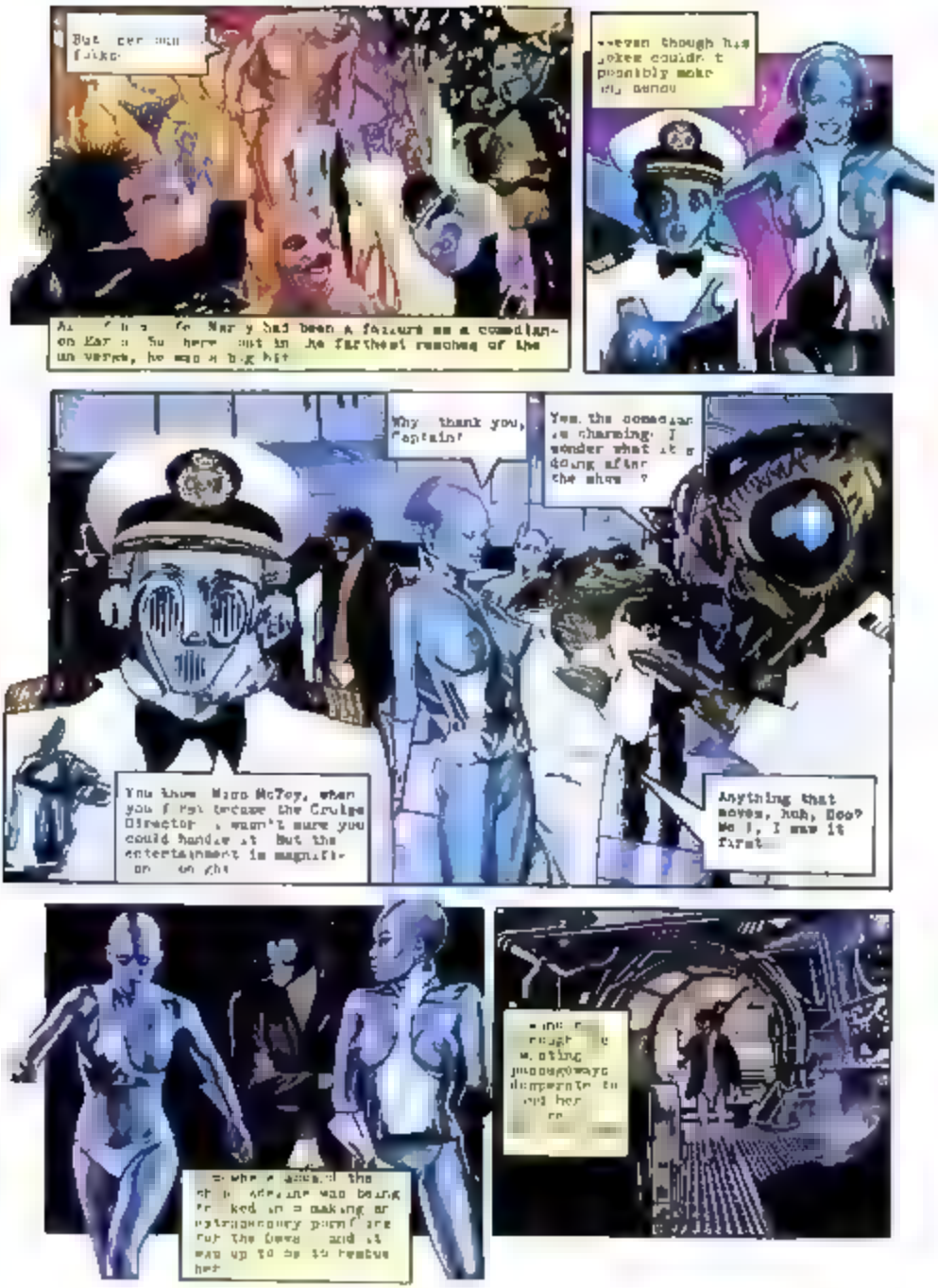
ROCK OPERA

TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!

It looks like feeding time at Pimpernel's New School
DOWN IN FRONT!

Just kidding folks. Say, you know how you can tell he's gay?
He's already wedded to his art.

She's the one with the braided extensions.


But ever with fellas
Even though his jokes couldn't possibly make my panel
Why, thank you, Captain!
Yes, the comedian is charming. I wonder what it's doing after the show?
You know Miss McCoy, when you first became the Cruise Director, I wasn't sure you could handle it. But the entertainment is magnificent on the
Anything that moves, huh, Doc? Me, I saw it first.
Whoa, Jessica! The chick's obviously not looking for kicks and giggles or interplanetary pornstars but the lowest and it was up to me to restore her

Each cabin door I flung open yielded a new and incomprehensibly disrupting scenario

Inexplicable horrifying sometimes queer interesting things

By the time I reached Liberia Jack my mind was swimming with the curious fantasies I had dreamed

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--when I saw the Lava floating in the hallway.
Oh, thank goodness you're here--you've got to help me out!
Why should I help you? You--you drugged Adeline and tricked her into--
Well, I had no idea she'd be impossible to work with. She's such a prima donna--
--the sets aren't good enough for her, she won't work with the rest of the cast...
Look, I'm desperate! Would you consider co-starring? We could rename it "Gidget Goes Galaxian" or something.
It was unbelievable--he was trying to pay me to commit unspeakable acts with the girl I loved! There could be only one answer to a sleazy proposition like that--and I gave it.
You bet!
TO BE CONTINUED

the bus

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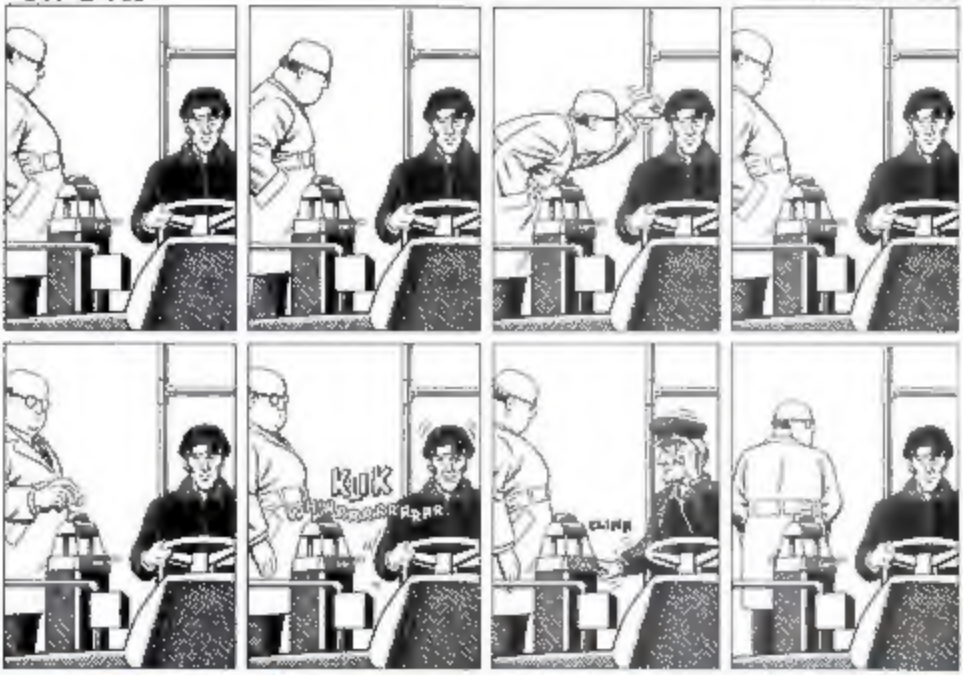

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and Caza's fear of neighbors.